National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

FRESH SLAVERY AGITATION—IMPUDENCE OF BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

A FRESH phase of Slavery agitation provokes comment. A philanthropic spasm has seized the duchesses, countesses, and high ladies of England, relative to a certain kind of moral and physical evil; and so they have started the plan whereby, if carried out, they will lead in solid column the women of England in a request to the women of America to aid them to abolish American Slavery or to mitigate its evils! Machinery for this has been duly set to work. The Duchess of Sutherland called a meeting of a crowd of duchesses, countesses, marchionesses, and honourables, at Stafford House, to whom she made an agitating speech, and presented a memorial intended for the signatures of the women of England. This "Christian Address" is directed to the women of America. It assumes to instruct them and quicken them as to their duties to God and their race. It draws a vivid picture of American sins and short-comings, and, with an arrogance exactly British, gratuitously advises American women how to act. It was, of course, adopted; sub-committees were appointed; an office was established; and, after thanks from the Duchess of Sutherland, the meeting at Stafford House adjourned. And thus the work commenced.

What special call is there for these duchesses to travel three thousand miles in search of objects of philanthropic effort? Are there none at their own doors? American women, before they take advice from British women, will inquire as to who gives it and what state of society it proceeds from. They well know there is a philanthropy that is pharisaical, spurious, and hypocritical. It is that sort that leaves misery at home unrelieved as its goes forth to display itself in relieving misery in foreign lands. Do these duchesses exhibit this kind of philanthropy? Here these personages must expect to be treated on a par with others; for no extra blood will be recognised as coursing their veins. And the answer to these questions must be sought in the facts and circumstances that are about them. If there be wrongs to redress near them, the question will be asked, what have they done to meliorate these wrongs? The question is not what intrepid reformers have done, but what have these duchesses and countesses done? Have they worked in the home field and been so successful in an abolition of British white Slavery that they can say to the American sisters in reference to negro Slavery, Go and do likewise? The answer to these questions will decide whether their philanthropy be genuine or spurious; if the latter, it deserves scorn and contempt.

Now, let facts as to British society say how pertinent these questions are. These duchesses and countesses, in their gilded saloons, represent the bright side of this society. But what is there at their doors? Who does not know of the dark side—the shame of their country? How often have been depicted the gross ignorance, the coarseness, and brutality, the haggard wretchedness, the hopeless misery of a large portion of the British population? Go out to the fields, or into the factories, or down to the mines, or among the children, or over to Ireland; and facts as to all these will tell of the dark shade of British society. In reference to it all the question is, has active, philanthropic effort at home instigated this fresh crusade against an evil so far off? Have these duchesses manifested that interest in the humanity of their neighbourhood and country that they now affect to manifest in American humanity?

Take the case of the British peasantry. We have before us a British description of the poverty, and want, and distress of the peasantry. It details the lodging, food, furniture, and manner of life of this class of the population. The whole is summed up by Lord Nugent thus: "The poor were pressed to the earth by poverty, want, and distress, and in a state but too generally to be witnessed, but which he should be sorry to be called on to describe. In spite of the benefits of all the desirable institutions of the country, take the worst form of government, of which we think our own the best, yet the condition of the peasantry of every country was better than the peasantry of England." Here are the details: "The inmates in some of the houses which were visited in the evenings were huddled together in a corner, without reference to age or sex, or straw to lie on, and with no other covering than wretched rags. The stench issuing from many of the dwellings was almost insufferable; and in all cases wretchedness appeared to have raised its awful theme, and to proclaim 'here I reign supreme.'" If such be the case, may not the philanthropy of these duchesses and countesses find ample exercise here?

Look next at the British operatives in the factories. The details here are startling, and are stated, too, by the sufferers. A British account reads that there are "thousands of human beings, mutilated and crippled, emaciated, ruined in health, their spirits broken, their minds and reasoning powers toppling from their seats, and many of them catching, like drowning men, at straws to save themselves from what would be a happy release from their miserable situation." A large proportion of factory hands die early. In 1839, in forty-two mills in Stockport and Manchester, in which 22,094 hands were employed, only 143 were above forty-five years of age, so hostile to health is British factory life. But all efforts at description fail to give so vivid an idea of the severity of these hardships as the following solemn statement made by an operative in England:

"I was six years in the West Indies, between St. Thomas and Barbadoes, and saw how the slaves ate and drank; and I do, standing here, say, so help me God, I would rather be a slave in the plantations than be as I now am. The men there have an interest in them as their property, and that they should be able to do work; and five Englishmen would do as much work as twenty of their negroes. I am a slave to the classes above me—I work hard and cannot get food for myself and children, and I have no one to own me or to care for me. Every one with whom I deal is endeavouring to take all he can from me; they have all a hand in cheating and swindling me out of my rights, and not in paying and feeding me; and I therefore lie down on my pillow with an empty stomach. I am, therefore, whipped in the belly, while the black slaves are eating and drinking of the best."

There is a representative wail of the labouring classes! This terrible speech from a sufferer, better than long and minute detail, gives the solution of those events that sometimes appal even the stoutest British hearts, and make dukes and counts tremble in their seats of power. Now and then, in the midst of his ignorance, and suffering, and brutality, the horse feels his power and turns upon his rider. A few years ago, in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other factory places, there were to be seen—we still quote British authority—"not less than four hundred thousand people wandering about the country in formidable bodies, unoccupied and unfed." It was an intolerable grievance that drove the poor, half-starved operatives into a state of insurrection. What followed? The government was obliged, after a fortnight's prevalence of riot, to concentrate the military upon them. Blood flowed freely in the collision that followed, and finally order was restored. Now the same elements of disorder still exist. The causes are still unremoved. The labouring classes still live from hand to mouth. Hard times will renew these scenes. In view of this, is there not field enough here for philanthropy? Will not duchesses and countesses find here subjects for sympathy and charity and political action? What these suffering classes demand, however, is not pity, but justice—a restoration of political rights. Mr. Sadler once declared that these were white slaves. Have these philanthropic women ever begged their liege-lords to grant these men political freedom?

Next look at the case of the population of the British mines. Take the appalling details presented in the "First Report of the Children's Employment Commissioners." It relates to the mines and collieries. If that is not a picture of ignorance, brutality, and wretchedness, there never was one! Two thousand folio pages of harrowing details as to infant labour and full-grown labour told the powerful story of criminal neglect! What a tale of woe was there! There, down shafts sixteen hundred feet deep under ground, along subterranean roads for miles, from which branch low galleries or ways, or workings, and in miserable hovels!—there were found thousands of human beings who never saw the light of day! There were seen men, women, young girls, children, working all together and in a state of nudity! But let a British visiter say what he saw: "I have seen men living on the diet of swine, clothed in rags, and wallowing in filth, and yet their miserable circumstances did not excite my commiseration so much as the recklessness with which they regarded their state, and the utter prostration of mental energy which deprived them almost of the wish, and certainly of the power, of making a single effort to better their condition." Indeed, the details of life in the coal pits exhibited a picture of brutality without a parallel. There children of tender years worked from morning till night, from year to year. "In many collieries the children work all day long in water and mud!" "The youngest children must necessarily crawl on their hands and feet, and in this posture they drag after them their loaded corves of coal." A witness said: "I don't know how old I am; father is dead; I am a chance child; mother is dead also; I don't know how long she has been dead; I used to sleep in cabins on the pit's bank, and in the old pits that had done working. I eat for a long time the candles that I found in the pits that the colliers left over night; I had nothing else to eat."

Nor is this all; the practice of employing females underground was universal in West Yorkshire and North Lancaster; general in the east of Scotland; and common at Bradford and Leeds, Cheshire, and South Wales. Now, when this existed, did these duchesses ever manifest so much interest as to inquire into the condition of these women? If so, where is the evidence of it? What was the condition of this position of British society in 1842, when Lord Ashley's bill was passed? Why, the details of the brutality are too horrible for recital. Girls were almost universally employed as "trappers" and "hurriers" in common with boys; and of all ages from seven to twenty-one. They commonly worked quite naked down to the waist; and in many of the collieries the adult colliers, whom these women served, worked perfectly naked. These girls and the women carried coal on their backs on unrailed roads. The report says: "A cruel slaving revolting to humanity. I found a little girl only six years old carrying 1-2 cwt., and making regularly fourteen long journeys a day." One witness says: "I have a belt round my waist and a chain passing between my legs, and I go on my hands and feet. The road is very steep. It is very hard work for a woman. The pit is very wet. My clothes are wet through almost all day long. I have drawn until I have had the skin off me." A sub-commissioner, who visited these places, says, "I could not have believed that I should have found human nature so degraded."

These details are not the half of the iniquity. Recollect they are not of things done in a bygone age—an age of barbarism. It is only ten years ago since these notes were taken, since Lord Ashley's prohibitory bill as to employment of women and children in the coal mines was passed. But this was but one portion of the evils in these localities. Take one of the latest British journals, and read of the abuses still existing about these mines, and then judge what remains to be done. Leaving out of the way how these poor, half-starved workmen are disdided by the check system out of their hard pittance, look at the state of education, of all that constitutes civilization, in these coal regions. Who shall say there is not at this time, *even now*, a state of society calling for all the philanthropy that the Duchess of Sutherland has to exercise? But what did she, or the females of her "order," do to expose this past brutality? What is she and her associates *doing now* to promote the well-being of these degraded colliers? How much interest is she manifesting for their innocent children? Does she know that the prohibitory bill of 1842, checking the British avarice and the hardness of British landed proprietors, as seen in owners of British coal mines (is the Duke of Sutherland one?), is not disregarded? Has she ever been to see? These are the questions that American women will put to her grace the Duchess of Sutherland, and her order. They will say: go to your coal pits; see that girls and women are not living again like beasts; see that they have something to eat besides swine food or the remains of candles; see that the children at least are educated, for property has its duties, and this is one of them; see first that they are clothed and fed, and then that they have the Gospel. This duty being done, and other British misery relieved, and you may, with a little less impudence, lecture us.

Once more: These duchesses and countesses may plead to account for absence of active philanthropic movements on their part, that this was the appropriate field for men. Though this condemns their own intermeddling with American concerns, yet we pass to another case—that of British needle women. Here the matter comes close home—so close as to touch not only their sex, but their persons. What is the fact? Let the London *Chronicle* answer. "The wretched wages of the needle are already the shame and sorrow of our own time." The wages, under the most favourable circumstances, of unbroken health and unfailing eyesight, range from 3d. to 4d. per day. After a vivid description of their sufferings, the *Chronicle* says: "Society itself is in the field against these unfortunates." Who does not know of Hood's "Song of the Shirt?"

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tones could reach the rich!—
She sang this Song of the Shirt."

But no! this voice never reached the dull ears of these duchesses and countesses! If it did, with what success? Where is their plea for these distressed needle women? Where is the melioration of their condition? Do they know that over work and under pay are among the most active causes of British female dishonour? One woman, not a duchess, is doing more to relieve this class, by promoting emigration, than all the philanthropy of this crowd will ever accomplish. American women might take a word from *her* with at least respect when they would treat a duchess with scorn.

Take another case. In Ireland alone there is work enough to employ these duchesses and countesses, and all whom they can muster, all their days. But what pen can paint the miseries of this unhappy country—made so because its strength has been drained to feed the incomes that support their gilded coaches and luxuriant living. The record of starvation—letting minor troubles go—has been appalling. Take a very recent period. In one week the deaths from starvation were in the small towns of Mayo 19; Killbury and Ratoo 60; Leitrim 18; Castlebar 18; and so the record goes on, in county after county. A British witness shall tell the story of British wrong: Commander Caffin went through large districts. "In no house that I entered was not to be found the dead and the dying." "In the village of Skulls three-fourths of the inhabitants you meet carry the tale of wo in their features and persons, as they are reduced to mere skeletons." But to go more to particulars. "A young man was found in a dying state, without one to attend him. The sister and brothers lay dead quite close to him in the same room. The sister was dead for five days, the brothers two for three days. The sick man was the only survivor of a large family. The father and children died from want." To go from details to generals: what a fearful statement is the record that tells of the doctrine of millions of the population of Ireland when these distressing scenes occur! Now, has a word been heard from this Duchess of Sutherland and her train of nobles when this was going on? Why have these impudent intermeddlers not had philanthropy enough to labour to remove the causes of such calamity as this?

Again: in a society thus characterized by dark shades at which humanity weeps, how is it with the incomes of these duchesses and countesses? We have before us the sickening annals of a period of distress in England; when it was filled with bitter discontent and bold rioting; when the labouring classes, in one of the periodical paroxysms of trade, were parading by thousands under the terrible banner of BREAD OR BLOOD; and when British battalions were obliged to shoot them down to support the British system of law and order. How then fared the husbands of these duchesses and countesses? We have also before us a British enumeration of British incomes at that time. The Duke of Northumberland, with a landed estate of seven hundred thousand dollars revenue, heads the list. The Duke of Devonshire comes next, with six hundred thousand dollars income. The Duke of England, with five hundred thousand dollars. And so the list runs. Who does not know how splendid the Bishops' revenues are? And who does not know that, let distress havoc with human life as it may, the rents, the tithes, the taxes that make up all these incomes, must be collected. Here, still from British authority, is a short, significant, damning record of what occurred in one locality in a period of distress: "At Taunton, Somerset, no less than six hundred exchequer writs have been issued for the seizure of people's goods for the non-payment of taxes. And so it is all over the country." Who does not know how thousands upon thousands of British acres are kept only for shooting-grounds, while the people who live about them see their children die of hunger. Now, how much at such times do these debt-and-dook-ridden ~~countesses~~ subtract from these magnificent incomes to alleviate the distress there is about them? Do they give one banquet the less? Do they turn one of their diamonds into coin, and distribute it to their distressed neighbours? Can they better use a modicum of these vast revenues than to appropriate it to remove the things that disgrace not only England, but Christian civilization? Suppose these duchesses and countessesses look at this matter in this light: as they profess a regard for "Gospel" teachings, and seem to have heard of "the rights and requirements of this nineteenth century," suppose they ask seriously what a practical application of Christianity and a practical recognition of these rights really demand. Philanthropic objects here are numerous. These duchesses should know that this distress is regarded as a direct consequence of their monopolies and privileges. What in this case supports the British aristocracy starves the children of labour.

But there is a closer view yet to take of this aristocratic advice to our fair countrywomen. It is the home view. It is the relation which their gilded saloons bears to the things about it. To let the negro go. We ask, what consideration would induce this Duchess of Sutherland to invite to her reunions the wife of John Smith, a master overseer of a Durham mine? Perhaps her character, talents, education, and merit, in every way, may be infinitely superior to this personage, yclept a duchess. All the graces that adorn the Christian or the womanly character may be united in her person; and yet such is the severity of British caste, that the suggestion of such an approach to equality would be considered by this Duchess of Sutherland as a mortal offence to her pride. Yet such as she are the personages who assume to lecture American women on the duties they owe to their race! These are the arrogant, self-appointed regulators of American society!

But suppose this inquiry was pushed closer home, and so close as to deal with the lordly mansion of Stafford, and the noble family of Sutherland! What was their origin? Was not the Marchioness of Sutherland, mother to the present duke, one of those who came by her domains, as large as some of the departments of France, by driving fifteen thousand peasants from their homes? Did not her agent put fire to their houses before he could compel them to clear the country? And who were placed there instead? Twenty-nine families and a hundred thousand sheep. And how was this barbarism justified? Why, forsooth, because some musty piece of hereditary right gave all this land to this Stafford family! Now this very family, in whose behalf monstrous injustice was perpetrated, is at the head of this impertinent appeal that is coming to the women of America! Was there ever seen such a piece of bold impudence!

But why do these philanthropic duchesses and countesses confine themselves to this republic? Is there no work needed elsewhere even in the Anti-Slavery cause? How stands the slave trade now? How is it with the slave markets and slave caravans of Egypt? What is going on at this hour in Cuba and in Brazil? Is not the Captain-General in league with the slave-dealer? Are not slave-ships filled with slaves, the ignorance and brutality of which have only had their parellel in our day in the British coal mines, at this hour on their way to Cuba and Brazil? Why does not their compassion take that direction? Is it not because of British hatred to republican institutions? Is it not because these duchesses know enough of politics to feel that, while the ancient and monstrous system of privilege and monopoly by which they live has nothing to fear from the weak empire of Brazil or the imbecile dynasty of Spain, yet that every hour of continued success of this nation shortens its duration? After all, does not the sum and substance of their arrogant and patronizing philanthropy consist in stirring popular prejudice against rising America? If not, if it is only righteous indignation against wrong, and evil, and Slavery, why do they not appeal to the women of Egypt, of Spain, and of Brazil? But, above all things, why do they not first, in alleviating British misery, begin at home, and then follow the tap of the British drum round the world?

Such are a few of the circumstances and facts in answer to the queries as to the state of society around the abodes of these intermeddlers with America. There is a wretchedness, an ignorance, a poverty at their doors that makes an imperious demand on all their philanthropy. They have none to spare for America. British slaves yearn—so they swear before high heaven—to take the places of the American Slavery that these duchesses would abolish! They would rather be owned and cared for than see their children starve before their eyes! What a lesson is all this! How it demonstrates the unfaithfulness of British wealth and station to its duties. What is the use of denying it—why present things moral, religious, to masses sinking to starvation point? As well talk to the winds. The need things *political* will bring is essential to the social fabric. There can be no progress without it. There is a mockery in presenting as a remedy religious consolation to a starving man; and yet a large portion of British society is but a little removed from the starving point, and demands all the efforts of true philanthropy. A British writer (1851) well says: "The existence of such barbarism in the midst of our so-called civilization, of such squalid poverty in the midst of superabundance and refinement, as is exposed to the daily gaze by the distressed needle-women and others similarly circumstanced, is the scandal of our age and country." Would not the Duchess of Sutherland and her associates be better employed in removing this scandal than in impudently and arrogantly presuming to lecture American women on their duties?

We have presented details relative to the British labouring classes—that portion of British society whose only property consists in their labour, and who live by selling this labour to other classes. All British authorities, the stiff British tory and the liberal British radical, in a multitude of essays, speeches, and volumes, agree as to the fact of physical misery and moral degradation of this class, and that it constitutes the bulk of British population; and the only difference is as to the remedy. And as to this, what has been the process? Every few years, for a half century, some indignant democratic reformer, or some patronizing British lord, has made a business to expose to the public gaze some crying abuse, such as the disgusting atrocity of the British mills; the cruel employment of infant labour; the brutality of the women in the mines; the murder of parish apprentices in the workshops; the torture of boys in the chimneys; the cursed trade in pauper children; the appalling increase of juvenile ignorance and crime; the abuses of union workhouses; the keen distress of British needlewomen; the bitter discontent of the white slaves of England; the destitution and starvation of Ireland; the filth of British lodging houses, and the cumulative evils of four or five millions of British paupers. When these expositions are made in Parliament, the lords spiritual and temporal, and the snobbish middle classes, roll up their astonished eyes, gruffly assent to the truths of the indignant reformer, or promptly praise the condescension of the "noble lord," enact a stringent law, and, self-satisfied, return to their trading and luxurious living; while another crying abuse makes head to be in due time exposed, to create new astonishment, make a new reputation, and cause a new law. This has been the way of British reform. Nothing radical has been done. Human toil is just as hard and mental culture just as low as ever. So the philanthropic reaper has a wide field open. Will these duchesses enter upon it?

After all, there is a bright side to this impudent and pharisaical appeal of British women to American women. It may give, what is so much prized in England, the sanction of aristocratic society to reform agitation. Heretofore the current popular tribune, thundering against an old abuse—such, for instance, as a Cobden agitating for cheap bread—has been looked upon by the nobility as courting a mob, and the middle classes have been appealed to by them to sneer him down. Nobility have come down to mingle with the plebeian. Actually, these high, fashionable ladies have caught up some of the ideas that have been widely broached in this age, and pronounced them sound. Look at the commencement of their "Christian Address:" "A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common cause," are its opening words; and then it has other words about "the progress of civilization," "the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century," and "the sadness of fresh sorrowings things to-day for the ultimate abolition of Slavery, and thereby save the sudden shock which the Abolitionists may one day bring on all the institutions of the Union and the whole fabric of American society.—*London Times, Dec.* 1.

LOOK AT HOME.

THIS expression is one which is commonly thrown in the teeth of a person who is apt to look abroad to spy his neighbour's faults, while he shuts his eyes to everything of the kind in his own household. An amusing instance of this sort, where national arrogance and self-sufficiency have been too strong for common sense, has just occurred in England. There is a set of people in that country, who, for their own amusement, practice a species of sham philanthropy by raising an outcry about some real or imaginary evil a *good way off*. The distance gives them a chance to make a theatrical display of their sympathy without exposing them to the danger of being called upon to do anything more. This "cheap celebrity" has overpowering attractions for certain people.

The public have already been informed respecting an "indignation meeting" of these philanthropists, which was recently held in London, under the auspices of the Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies of high degree. They could not bear to think of Slavery in the United States; and heaven and earth must hear their cry against it or they must die! and all for Uncle Tom! Now, compassion and tender-heartedness and sympathy and all that "are surely"—as Justice Shallow says of good phrases—"and ever were, very commendable"—with a proviso, say we, that the things be genuine and no theatrical shams. What may be the precise nature and sterling worth of these qualities, as manifested by the Duchess and her dashing friends, we will not venture to pronounce, but we will state a single fact that might be accompanied by a thousand others, of a nature to throw strong suspicion on the sincerity of these boastful and obtrusive proclamations of sympathy with American slaves. It happens that at the very moment in which these high-born ladies were telling the world how deeply scandalized they felt at the condition of the negroes in America, there took place a scene—common enough in England—which we shall describe by the following extract from an English paper:

Sale of a Wife.—One of these disgraceful exhibitions took place the other evening at the Cardigan Arms, Kirkstall-road, Leeds. A man named W. Bean has cohabited with a married woman named Martha Spence; and the woman's husband, W. Spence, at her solicitation, agreed to sell her to her paramour. Accordingly she was by appointment taken to the Cardigan Arms, in a halter, and sold, in the presence of the company drinking there, for a sovereign. The trio, when the "sale" was completed, sat down to a jollification.

This thing was not done in the "backwoods," but in a populous city. Occurrences of [illegible] are as already remarked, not unfrequently, and we do not find that any indignation is felt, or any rebuke is expressed, by spectators or neighbours, at such brutality. The newspapers call it "disgraceful," just as they would the overcharge of sixpence by a shopkeeper—nothing whatever is done to stop the disgrace. Now, we beg leave to ask the Duchess the question, Who is to blame for a state of society that will tolerate such things? and whether some small portion of that sympathy which folks in England are wasting upon other people's miseries could not be profitably turned to objects at home?

England has been praised by Englishmen as "the Paradise of Women." What ideas the Duchess entertains of the dignity of her own sex, we profess not to know; but she is evidently in a state of too transcendental sympathy to be willing to open her eyes to the vulgar affairs of the "Paradise" at her elbow. Common sense, if such a thing could be heard by people who are Uncle-Tom-bitten, would remind her that the English have a most especial and emphatic injunction to "look at home"—that a momentous and fearful responsibility rests upon the upper classes and influential orders in that country. It is not for *them* to spy motes in their neighbour's eyes. The poverty, the crime, the misery and the social degradation exhibited there, are without a parallel under the sun. Let British philanthopists look at home. Each one will find food enough for his sympathy in the next street. If he is sincere, he will apply himself to remedy the real evils which exist under his own eyes, instead of expending his tears upon romances. Or if this class of people cannot live without stimulant reading, we recommend the tragical and affecting tale of "London Labour and the London Poor," published in the *Morning Chronicle* and Mayhew's periodical. If they do not find work enough for their hands in the task of remedying social evils without going out of their own country, they will then have some excuse for spying out their neighbour's defects. At any rate, the Duchess of Sutherland and her ladies ought to say as little as possible about American Slavery, as long as English women are sold in the market with halters about their necks.—*Boston Courier.*

Selections.

THE LIEUTENANT GENERALSHIP AND PARTY POLITICS.

SPEECHES OF HON. JOHN P. HALE AND OTHERS,

In the United States Senate, December 21, 1852.

MR. HALE—Mr. President, I feel compelled to vote against this proposition in any shape in which it may be presented. I would have been glad to have been relieved from stating the reasons which induce me to give that vote; but as the matter is up, I must improve it. The constitutional difficulty does not trouble me at all. I am against the original proposition, and against all amendments. It will be recollected by those who take any interest in remembering what so humble an individual as myself ever did in the Senate, that when a proposition was before us to render a vote of thanks to General Taylor and General Scott for the services which they performed in the Mexican war, and to thank them for their brilliant achievements in that war, I voted against it twice. The first time I voted alone, in a minority of one. When the resolution was first passed, there were some members of the Senate who thought so differently from me on that occasion who were out when the vote was taken, that they came in the next day, and requested that the matter, by general consent, might be voted upon again, so that they might have the privilege of recording their names in favour of it; which being done, I had the privilege of recording, my name against it the second time. I voted against it because I acted upon the same principle as did those men of the British House of Commons, who voted against thanking British officers for the victories they had gained over the American colonies, when they believed that American colonies had the right, and the British Administration had the wrong, in the contest in which the victories were gained. Those distinguished gentlemen said that they could not separate a vote of thanks to those officers for victories which they had achieved from an approval of the war in which the battles were fought. They had not subtlety enough to distinguish between thanking men for winning a victory, and approving the object for which the victory was won. It is said that we live in an age of progress; but I confess, for myself, that I have not progressed in the age so far that I have got to that pitch in which I can make that discrimination which the patriots who sustained the American cause in the time of the Revolution in the British Parliament could not make.

I thought—and I am glad of an opportunity to say it now; I am glad to let it be known that I have not been converted—the Mexican war unjust and atrocious. I thought it one that marked the United States as rapacious, and the age as barbarous. I think so now. It has, in my mind, lost nothing of the character which it then had, and of which I then spoke. I believe it was a war commenced in injustice, and I believe that when the impartial pen of history writes the tale of that war, the justice of the sentiment which I then pronounced, and which five years of reflection have strengthened in my mind, will be vindicated.

I believe that the real and substantial causes that we had for the war in which those brilliant victories were achieved, were threefold. The first was that Mexico was weaker than we were. The second was that she had provinces that we wanted, and she did not want to give up. And the third one was that we wanted those provinces to extend Slavery over them. Those, I believe, were the sum and substance of the causes that we had for the war with Mexico. I gather the first from the state of facts which the history of this country discloses. During the administration which waged that war in which such a harvest of glory has been reaped, we presented this singular spectacle. The government of Great Britain, whatever else may be said of it, I believe, has not been guilty of the crime of pusilanimity and weakness. I believe that those patriots who have thundered against her, have not brought against her the unpardonable sin of not being able to defend her own rights. That government, at that time, held possession of territory to which the departments of this government, which spoke upon it, said our title was clear and indisputable—yes, sir, clear and indisputable. Great Britain had her forts, and her courts, and her armies in possession of territory to which, according to the doctrine of the men who carried on the Mexican war, our title was clear and indisputable.

One would have thought that it would have been one of the first impulses of patriotism to have vindicated the title of this country to its own clear and indisputable soil, before it went to attack another nation for soil to which its title, to say the least of it, was not quite so clear and indisputable. How did we dispose of that controversy with Great Britain? I will tell you. Read the dispatch which Mr. Packenham, the British Minister, wrote home to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he will tell you. It was a letter not wider than my two fingers. He tells that Minister that the treaty which he—Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—wrote and dictated, and sent over, was ratified and confirmed, without the alteration or substitution of a single letter. That is the way that controversy was disposed of; and then the pent up indignation of an outraged patriotism was bent upon Mexico, and we went there with our armies. So far as the conduct of our army was concerned, I have nothing to say. I believe the officers and men were brave and skillful. I believe that so far as the mere war, after it was commenced, was concerned, it was carried on as scientifically, as bravely, as honourably, and as gloriously, as any war ever was. Yes, sir, it stands among glorious enterprises, as glorious as any war that was ever carried on in the world; and if it were possible—which some men seem to think it is—to separate a vote according thanks and honours to those who fought the battles, from an implied commendation of the cause of the war in which they fought, I would cheerfully vote for it. But, sir, I cannot; the war has those features in my mind; and as long as the treble partition of Poland, by the Powers that divided it, challenges the [illegible] the war which these United States made upon a sister Republic, at a time when she was rent by intestine commotions, for the purposes for which I believe this war was carried on, run parallel with it, so far as the judgment of posterity is concerned.

Now, sir, I am not certain that these fanatical sentiments will not be called treasonable, Mexican sentiments, and instead of defeating, I shall probably confirm and aid the very measure which I oppose. I am not certain that my friend from Mississippi (Mr. Adams) will not relent, on being found in such company, when he comes to record his vote upon this resolution. I am willing that those who are glorified and full of glory in their own souls, should express it, and I am willing that they should give as many enconiums as they please upon those whom they think deserve them. But I would suggest to them that there was an occasion on which they might have conferred upon General Scott a title, clearly not unconstitutional, which I think would have been vastly more complimentary to his services, and satisfactory to his pride—one, sir, that might have come not from the representatives of the people, but from the people themselves; and if there had been this deep-seated desire in hearts which are breaking to do a worthy and fitting honour to this great leader for the signal services which he has achieved, let me tell the gentlemen that they are a little too late; the time has gone by; the vote, which cannot be reconsidered, was taken on the second day of November last; it is past; and it seems to me now that this looks as if there was a little relenting in some gentlemen's hearts. They think that the overthrow and defeat was a little too overwhelming; and for the purpose of breaking the fall and soothing the irritation which might otherwise be occasioned by the defeat, this little sop of the lieutenant generalship is to be thrown in. In that point of view, I do not think General Scott will value it very much. These services, let it be remembered, were rendered a good while—some five or six years—ago, and it seems to me, in that view, that this comes rather late. The judgment of the country, and the judgment of the world, have already been passed upon those achievements. The judgment of posterity will be made up, and it will not be influenced by any vote which we may pass upon the proposition which is now before the Senate.

I am exceedingly sorry that I am placed in the position which renders it necessary for me to make these statements and this explanation of my views—not, sir, that I have any hesitancy, at any and at all times, to vindicate myself, but I do not wish, unnecessarily and causelessly, and when no good can be effected, to say anything that may cause unpleasant feelings or reflections in anybody's breast.

While addressing the Senate, I desire to allude to another subject. During the discussion of the subject which was under consideration yesterday, a remark fell from the lips of the honourable Senator from Michigan (Mr. Cass), which I desired to answer, if he had not been out of his seat when I had the opportunity. He accused me of being unfair in some remarks which I had made. The charge of saying or doing anything unfair, is the last charge in the world which I should like to have laid at my door. It is a very serious charge to come from so high a source, and when the honourable Senator recollects that the charge of unfairness in the ordinary transactions of life, between man and man, comes with crushing force upon an individual, even if he be but his equal, let him recollect with what overwhelming power such a charge must come, when it falls from such a height as the Senator from Michigan, upon so humble an individual as myself (laughter). Sir, I do not wish to be unfair, or unkind, or unjust to anybody; and if the sentiments which I entertain provoke volleys and torrents of eloquence upon those whose feelings are outraged by their expression on the floor of the Senate, I can say to the gentleman, wait a little longer, my time is almost out.

MR. WELLER.—We are all rejoiced at it.

MR. HALE.—I have no doubt that the honourable Senator speaks the truth, and that when he says "we are all rejoiced," he includes those who act with him. And permit me to say, with all kindness to the honourable Senator, that I should think I had utterly failed in fulfilling my mission, and discharging my duty, if all such men did not rejoice that I am not to be here much longer. I remember that long and long ago, when a man had a divine commission to proclaim in the ears of an unwilling people and tyrannical power the truth, the charge was brought against him, "Thou art he that troubleth Isreal;" I am used to such language.

Let me entreat gentlemen to remember that by

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the kindness of the Senate I am excused from acting upon any standing committee, and I take it to be an invitation on the part of the Senate, as they have thus excused me from supervision over any particular subject, to have a general eye over the whole. And, sir, acceding to the force of my position, politely yielding to the invitation thus tendered to me, I warn the Senate against this measure.

Sir, to-day is the most wholesome day for instruction in the world, particularly to the majority in this body. I tell you not to be made giddy by the high places on which you stand. No, sir; one of your chosen seers has admonished you that your enlargement is not that of health; that it is "swollen." The seeds of disease and decay, fermenting together, are making an unhealthy enlargement, which may explode. It may explode, and that which is an image of colossal power to-day, may, from the very inherent weakness of its constitution, find that it is but a prostrate trunk to-morrow. Sir, your President has given us a most excellent lesson. When the telegraphic wires flashed upon him the truth that he was elected by a majority altogether unprecedented, as I doubt not it was altogether unexpected; when his neighbours and friends assembled with exultation, and went to his lodgings to congratulate him on what they considered so auspicious a result, he admonished them that the hour of triumph was a time for magnanimity. I do not ask any of your magnanimity—not the least. If I have any petitions like those, I shall ask for my friends here who are around me (Whig Senators), and not for myself. My position is one of hostility, not a savage hostility, which can be characterized as carrying "war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." Nothing of that sort. But I think the honourable Senator from Indiana [Mr. Bright] has done something to advance the civilization of the age by dropping some of his figures of speech; and in characterizing the contest, he has gone from the theatre of bowie-knives and pistols to that of the physician, to the sick chamber, and has drawn his figures from such scenes, and now speaks of healthy and unhealthy organizations. Yes, sir, I think it is a token of the advancing spirit of the age, and it is a good time to exercise that spirit.

Now I am up, I will say that this is a question which covers the whole field of peace and war, because it authorizes the President to confer a certain rank or create a certain office. Let me say a word or two upon this subject. I think we have come to this pitch in our history. I think it is demonstrated, so far as the science of politics admits of demonstration, that the experiment which was commenced with General Jackson, repeated with General Harrison, and tried the third time with General Taylor, and the fourth time with General Scott, has run out. I think we have come to that period in our history when that attempt will not be repeated. The fourth time it proved a complete failure. You have now tried a second experiment—but I will not designate that, because I will leave that for the impartial judgment of posterity. But the experiment tried in the election of Mr. Polk, and repeated in the election of Mr. Pierce, has been eminently successful, and it appears to me that we have approached a time somewhat similar to that which it was predicted we were to have during Mr. Monroe's administration—an era of good feeling; because I see in the Washington Union of this morning an extract from the New Hampshire Patriot—do you know where that is printed, Mr. President? I see that extract is put in here, and that in it the views are given of what the editor supposes—he does not intimate that he has talked with General Pierce—but he gives what he supposes are to be the characteristics of the incoming Administration. And it is to be a glorious time for everybody who stands inside of any organization which has the least pretence to health. No matter how sick they have been—no matter how rancorously the Barnburners have blown up the Democracy in 1848, if they have repented, and only say they have come on the Baltimore platform in 1852—they are to be esteemed just as good as new, and there is to be no distinction. A man's antecedents are no longer to have any force. That substantive is to be blotted out of the political dictionary now, and a man is to have no antecedents; but the man who, in 1852, stands square on the Baltimore Platform, no matter how he got there, nor where he came from, is to be received into full communion. It has been pretty stoutly proclaimed that everything they organized for in 1848 has been achieved. This has been proclaimed, not by men who stood outside of a healthy organization, but by those who stand in the very heart and centre of the very healthiest organization in the country. They say that everything they proposed in [illegible] are to have the [illegible] and now they beat the Democrats in 1848, and they beat the Whigs in 1852; and as becomes modest victors, they now claim, having discharged a double duty, a double reward. And the editor who lives so near General Pierce that he can almost hear him think, says it will not make any difference—that the man who went with the Barnburners in 1848 to beat the illustrious Senator from Michigan—I am going to speak right out ——

Mr. Cass—Oh, do not.

Mr. Hale—Yes, I will; you will like me the better when I have spoken than now. I say that if in 1848, by the organization then made, they achieved all that they proposed, they had better, a thousand fold, never had such an organization. And, sir, if I had supposed at that time that the object was to appeal to all the humanity and love of liberty, and the fear of God there was in the country, and thus train them all in as a drill-sergeant does his squad, for the purpose of vindicating the fancied or real wrongs of Mr. Van Buren, inflicted by the friends of General Cass—I speak of him as a historical man now—I say, that if I had supposed that was the end and aim they had in view, I would sooner have had my right hand severed from my body than have gone to the ballot-box for such a purpose.

I say, then, that this article to which I have alluded, has that much pretty distinctly shadowed out; but I am sorry, for the sake of that peace and harmony which I wish to see all around me, to have to state that this editor does not "think" a little further. He is very clear in thinking in reference to these different factions that have operated in times past. He thinks that it was just as meritorious to support Mr. Van Buren in 1848, as to support General Cass; and it is no matter whether a man was in Mr. Polk's Cabinet or out of it, that will neither help nor hurt any man; any man can have a clean bill of health as far as that is concerned, let his position be what it may. But the editor is not so clear in regard to some other things; he does not go on to say what he thinks General Pierce's opinions are as to the controversy between Young America and the Old Fogies. He is unfortunately entirely silent upon that subject, so far as I read the article, unless they may be considered as embraced under the various sections into which the party has been divided; and I think that, so far as that is concerned, both the Old Fogies and the Young Americans may occupy with equal hope the anxious stool until some other and further developments shall be made.

There is another thing about which the editor is very silent. He does not favour us with what he thinks are General Pierce's opinions as to whether the Gulf of Mexico is or is not our basin of water. He is also entirely silent about Cuba, the great question—the question of questions—about which all hearts are palpitating, and everybody is so anxious. Why, sir, patriotism is impatient under check to go and plant the standard of republican liberty on the shores of Cuba, and to extend the area of freedom over that island. There are a great many who, with a patriotic devotion and a patriotic desire to outrun the impulses of Democracy, are anxious to be beforehand on this subject. They are left in the most frightful state of uncertainty, and it is entirely problematical whether the area of freedom is to receive this enlargement, and the friends of it are to receive this encouragement from the incoming administration. Indeed, sir, I have seen some outgivings, or misgivings—I do not know which to call them, but there were certainly "givings"—in some of the papers which represent the interest, and you know, sir, what that is, which controls this country. I have seen some misgivings or some givings-out from papers far south of here, which have represented that it is not so entirely clear that it will be for the interest of gentlemen, who have been in the habit of considering their interest as the interest of the country, to have Cuba annexed, and it is entirely problematical in their minds what the effect of that annexation would be. Sir, you know that a doubt expressed with regard to the practicability or the expediency of a measure some half a dozen degrees south of here has more effect upon the calculations of prudent politicians than a dozen condemnations so many degrees north. Therefore I think it is unkind in those who undertake to luminate and lubricate upon the views which the incoming Administration are to carry out, to be silent upon this great question of the age.

But it may be said that this is none of my business. That is true, sir; but you know that when we are here we are not to speak for individuals, but we should endeavour, if we can, to work up our notions to an enlarged and national sense of things. I am trying to do that, I am trying to get an enlarged, liberal, and national view of things; and I declare that I feel the worst apprehensions and forebodings, when I see the dark cloud which the future hangs over the patriotic foresight of those who would carry the American eagle and the American standard over the continents and islands of the sea, by this silence which is maintained by the President elect and his friends. Let me tell those gentlemen, if they want my humble opinion (and I know it is not worth much), that upon the subject of Cuba they have spoken before their time. The idea that the agricultural interests want more sugar is a mistake; and the agricultural interests of the North, when they find what the South have said, will begin to think they have quite sweetening enough, and they will not want Cuba thrown into the dish.

Sir, I owe, perhaps, an apology to the Senate for going over these matters upon this resolution; but it seemed to me that the time and the occasion were appropriate. But I come back to the point from which I started, and I end as I began, by saying that the reasons which I stated when the subject was up before, and the reasons which I have now stated, are such as operate in my mind conclusively to forbid the propriety of conferring this rank. It should be remembered that the subject has been before Congress once before, and they neglected or refused to do it—I do not know which—and in law, if a man has an opportunity to do a thing, and neglects it, it is just the same as if he refused. The opportunity has been before the American Congress preceeding this time, a proposition has been before Congress to confer it, and yet it did not pass.

Mr. Shields—It passed the Senate, but failed in the House for want of time.

Mr. Hale—Congress neglected to pass it; and inasmuch as they neglected it when they had an opportunity to confer it, they refused, practically, at all events. I am not stating the philosophical and critical analysis of what the journals show; but I am taking a national view of the thing (laughter). And that view is, that the proposition was before the country and before Congress, and Congress would not agree to it. They neglected or refused to pass it; for the phrases are tantamount. The opportunity was before you previous to the last Presidential election, and you declined to confer the honour. If, when General Scott's laurels were fresh upon him, and when the memory of the events was recent, and their praise was filling every tongue, you neglected or refused to confer this bauble on him, what will the country say is the reason that you take it up after he has been defeated for the Presidency?

And now I will appeal to those gentlemen who thought with me—no, sir, I will not say that; I do not know that there is anybody who thought with me, but I will say to those gentlemen who thought the Mexican war was unjust—and I believe there were some such; I believe a majority of the House of Representatives put that opinion in the shape of a resolution or amendment, that the war was unjust and unconstitutional—I ask those gentlemen who believed so then, if they do not believe so now? I ask them if the keenness of their moral perceptions has been blunted by the halo of glory which the victories that have been achieved have shed over this matter? If it has, they may vote for this resolution; but if they believed what they said then, that that war was an unjustifiable one, I ask them by what code of ethics, or by what process of reasoning, they came to the conclusion that it is consistent with that opinion to confer this honour upon General Scott?

A few words more and I shall take my seat. I cannot be misunderstood or misrepresented in regard to the opinions which I entertain of General Scott on this occasion. When this matter was up before, I made some poor remarks upon the subject, and I did, so far as my abilities would allow me, full justice to the character of General Scott. It happened to be my fortune to be in a private party a few days afterwards, when some one introduced me to the General, very kindly alluding to the fact that I had voted and made a speech against him. The General happened to have done me the honour of reading my poor speech; and he said that he had no fault to find; that the speech was an offset to the vote, and he had no complaint upon the subject. I will not say that I go as far as those who go the furthest, but I will say that I go as far as any sensible man can prudently go in doing full justice to the honour, the patriotism, the skill, the genius, and the bravery, and all that sort of thing, of General Scott; but inasmuch as I cannot vote for this resolution, without, in my humble judgment, implying an approbation of the war in which he achieved his victories, I must record my vote against it, and against all the amendments.

Mr. Adams—Mr. President, the Senator from New Hampshire suggests that, finding myself in the company I am in, I should perhaps be induced to change my position, and vote differently. I have found that all questions have advocates, both good and bad, and therefore I never form my opinions from the ability of the advocates on the one side or the other of a question; but if anything could induce me to change the position which I have assumed in reference to this question—if the case should turn upon the justice or injustice of the late war with Mexico, as assumed by the Senator from New Hampshire, then most assuredly I should change my vote.

But, sir, the Senator from New Hampshire has thought proper to admonish my friend from California (Mr. Weller) and others as to what course they should pursue in future, and has given us prophecies as to what will be the result. It will be recollected by Senators that some time since, in this hall, prior to the meeting of the National Convention of the Democratic party in June last, the same Senator warned the Democratic party in similar strains, that if they incorporated the fugitive slave law into the Baltimore platform, or placed one negro upon their pole, they would be annihilated and destroyed; and informed us that if they did so, the Buffalo Democrats could hardly stand upon the platform.

Mr. Hale—Will the [illegible] allow me a single word [illegible]?

Mr. Adams—Certainly.

Mr. Hale—The Senate will recollect—if what I said was printed, and I presume it was, I told the gentleman and his friends, that if they adopted the fugitive slave law, or anything of that sort, if they put a negro upon their platform, the consequence to which I alluded would ensue, unless the Whigs should be fools enough to follow them on the same track. That is what I said and I believe it was so printed.

Mr. Adams—Well, sir, I had only a slight recollection of the remark of the gentleman, but I know that I had heard his warning voice before, and I had witnessed the result, and although I do not say that the Senator proved a false prophet, yet, having heard his voice once in warning, and as it seemed to come in the same way now, I presumed it was just about as harmless. We must recollect that the distinguished Senator was a competitor of the great general whom it is intended to honour by this resolution; and his usual modesty I should have thought would have prevented him from assailing the resolution, particularly as he has great deference for the people, and the people have decided against him. He was not altogether satisfied, he says, with the platform assumed by the Whig party. He thinks they were guilty of the same fault, to some extent; but I would ask that Senator if he did not, in his tour as a candidate, himself draw a striking distinction between the Whig and the Democrat platforms upon this subject?

Mr. Hale—Mr. President, I did, and I will state it, if the Senator wishes me to do so.

Mr. Adams—Certainly.

Mr. Hale—Well, I am glad to hear it, and I think it shows the gentleman's taste in wanting me to tell it. In the discussions in which I engaged I uniformly spoke this language when I referred to the platforms; I said that in a moral point of view I did not think there was the least difference between them in the world, but practically there was; I put it in this way: The Whig party resolved that they would "deprecate and discountenance agitation." Well now, said I, "to deprecate" means to pray against, and therefore the Whigs are obliged to pray against agitation; they have a right to do that. They pledge themselves, secondly, to discountenance agitation, and that they can do without going out of their track, simply by standing still and making faces; and that is all the Whigs are bound to do by their platform, "to deprecate and discountenance." But I said the Democrats were bound to go further; they were bound "to resist." If there was a place where fanatical sentiments were to be uttered, a Whig could stand still with a sober face and a serious countenance, and pray you not to go in, and he would have done all that the platform required him to do; but if you did go in and the Democrat undertook to carry out the doctrine of his platform, he must follow you, knock you down and carry you out. That was the difference, and that was all I said about the platforms.

Mr. Adams—It is not very material to the country, I presume, what distinction the gentleman drew between the two platforms; he had one of his own; and we all know the appreciation of the country of that platform. I shall vote against the resolution under consideration. I shall not vote against it, however, for any of the reasons assigned by the Senator from New Hampshire. His reasons are peculiar to himself. He takes great pleasure in being singular, in thinking as no other man thinks; and as that is his glory, he is entitled to its benefits.

Mr. Charlton—Mr. President, the Senator from New Hampshire is in the habit of indulging in prophecies here, many of which, I believe, have proved untrue. I have, however, the great pleasure to say to him, that one prophecy which he has made is certainly true, for he has convinced me that it is my duty to vote for the resolution under consideration.

Sir, the Senator tells us that we shall soon be clear of him. I, sir, am sorry to say to him that the Senate will also soon be clear of me, and which will be the greatest misfortune the country will have to judge between us. If I were to remain here, I should never expect to get clear of the honourable Senator from New Hampshire. I believe that if he were burried in slave soil, he would as certainly rise from the dead and solve the problem which he announced the other day, whether a dead man could resign, as any other human being in this whole created world.

Mr. Hale—That is the best compliment I have ever had paid to me.

Mr. Charlton—I have another compliment for the Senator. I believe his spirit of fun is so great that it would not be in the power of death to hold him from it—that is, provided there were not some powers that might hold him despite all he might do to get away [laughter]. I am too wise a man to enter into a contest with a gentleman so well skilled as the Senator from New Hampshire; and if he will excuse me, I will now let him alone.

I confess that before I heard the speech of the Senator from New Hampshire, I had some democratic misgivings—not in reference to the man whom it is designed to honour—not in reference to the fact that he had been a candidate for a high office, for which I never could have voted for him—but in reference to the additional power which might be conferred upon him by it. But, after all, when you look seriously at that, what is it but a name? And why should we not confer the name if it has been deserved? Can any reason be assigned? If we were to go down into the region of metaphysical subtleties, and follow out that course of reasoning, we might stop short at the major generalship, and say that it bordered upon aristocracy to confer that rank.

Mr. Pratt—I thought it rather unkind on the part of my honourable friend from Mississippi [Mr. Adams] that he should have called upon the Senator from New Hampshire, to be the exponent of the Whig platform. A more unfit person to perform that duty does not live in the United States. As I was one of the supporters, in the late campaign, of the distinguished individual whom this resolution is intended to honour, and to whom that platform referred, I beg to make in regard to it a single observation, which I desire to go to the country.

The platform to which the Senator has referred was one differing from the Democratic platform only in this, that General Scott, in his letter of acceptance, distinctly stated that he would not appoint to office any man who entertained opinions different from those stated in the platform. There was no such doctrine announced by the opposite candidate; but, according to the honourable Senator's statement—if he may be supposed to understand the feeling of the dominant party—a general amnesty has been declared. The honourable Senator from Ohio [Mr. Chase], who sits before me, has said here, in the presence of his Democratic brethren of the Senate, that he belongs to the majority of this body, that he belongs to the great Democratic party. According, therefore, to the paper to which the Senator from New Hampshire has referred, and which he supposes to be the exponent of the opinions of General Pierce, he is one of those who may be the recipients of the highest honours, under the President elect. Sir, if General Scott had been elected, the honourable Senator from Ohio would have been entirely and absolutely excluded from the possibility of receiving any office from him, and so would the Senator from New Hampshire. It was, therefore, probable that we should see, as we have seen in the late political contest, every one connected with the political association to which those gentleman belong, voting and doing all they could against the old hero; and it is, therefore, that we find them now united in opposing him, even in this resolution complimentary to him.

Mr. Bradbury—The Senator will allow me to inquire if he meant to have it understood that the Senator from Ohio was one of the supporters of Gen. Pierce?

Mr. Pratt—I do not know. He announces himself as I understood him, to belong to the majority of the Senate.

Mr. Bradbury—No, sir.

Mr. Weller—No, sir; he does not belong to us.

Mr. Pratt—I do not know where or to whom he belongs, but I know he said, in the presence of the Senate this morning (as I and those around me understood him), that he did belong to the majority party in this body—to the great Democratic party—to that party, therefore, which, according to the paper published at Concord, and referred to by the Senator from New Hampshire, is privileged to receive any of the offices which may be conferred upon the supporters of General Pierce.

I listened to the speech of the Senator from New Hampshire with some attention, and there was but one single observation made by him which had any reference whatever to the resolution under consideration, and that was, that although General Scott, for his military achievements, fully deserved everything which the resolution proposes to give him, yet that he could not consent to give it to him, and why? Because he cannot separate those achievements from the war which he believes to have been unjust and improper. Sir, that is a principle which it would be horrible to have go abroad, as being entertained by the members of the Senate of the United States.

What is that sentiment when you come to analyze it? Suppose a war is declared by the constitutional authorities of the country; the commander of your army or your navy who meets the enemy must be bound, according to the Senator's theory, to inquire into the justice of the war; and should he come to the conclusion that it was unjust, he could not conscientiously discharge his professional duties. If the theory of the honourable Senator is to be carried out, every officer of the army and navy will be bound to inquire and judge whether a war is, in his opinion, just, before he enters the list on the side of his country.

Sir, I cannot believe that the Senator from New Hampshire is sincere in saying that he would vote for this resolution were it not for the circumstance which he has mentioned; because I am sure he cannot think that a soldier in a war constitutionally declared does not deserve credit for the faithful discharge of his duty merely for the reason that, in the Senator's opinion, the war was unjust. Therefore I conclude that I am right in attributing the opposition of that Senator, and the Senator from Ohio who sits before me, and of those who are connected with their political association, to the true cause, that of their opposition to General Scott upon the grounds to which I have already referred.

Mr. Hale—Mr. President, I am glad of what has happened, and I hope this debate will not be without profit. I wish, though, to pay a little attention to the honourable Senator from Maryland [Mr. Pratt]. I appealed once, some years ago—it is a matter of history, or I would not allude to it—to the Senate for protection in what I conceived to be the rights of an individual in debate, and the Senate decided, upon a formal vote, that it was in order to accuse a man of acting here from other motives than those which should actuate a Senator. That you will find amongst your recorded decision; but the rule of parliamentary law is different, and it is this: "The consequences of a measure may be reprobated in strong terms, but to arraign the motives of those who propose to advocate it is a personality, and against order." Therefore, sir, I contend that when the Senator from Maryland says that I am not sincere, and do not mean what I say, if he had said it of any man that was inside of a healthy organization, he would have been out of order.

I am glad of a remark which fell from the honourable Senator from Georgia. It indicates to my mind progress, and progress in the right direction. He said he had some democratic prejudices, and was inclined to go against this measure, but my speech rather convinced him that he was going wrong. That is the very thing I want. I want to drive—I do not use the word opprobriously—the "old hunkers" all into one pen. That is the very end and aim we are driving at; and I am glad that I find that one, occupying so conspicuous a place as my friend from Georgia, is heeding the force of our arguments, not exactly in the way we put them; but he has listened to me very much in the way in which it was said a sailor recommended to get a pig on board a vessel, and that was to put his nose towards the vessel, and catch hold of his tail and pull him backwards. By some such process of reasoning, I have convinced the Senator from Georgia; but he has gone to the right place, and we will set up another stone there. We have made progress, and made it in the right direction.

But I want to thank the Senator from Maryland. What I have said before was not to thank him; but I desire now to thank him seriously. He says of all men in the United States, I am the last one to give an exposition of the Whig platform. Now, sir, this is the sixth year of my term in the Senate, and if I have achieved that, I have done all that I proposed; and I can, like Simeon, "depart in peace;" for it has been the great complaint brought against me at home, that while I was here, I was a Whig all the time—that is a Whig in disguise, and not very much disguised at that. Now, I have the certificate of the honourable Senator from Maryland, that of all the men in the world, I am the very last to speak in exposition of the Whig platform. Sir, I am rejoiced at that. But let me tell the honourable Senator that I never undertook to speak for it, and the honourable Senator from Mississippi did not call upon me to speak for it, but he called upon me to give an exposition which I had given of it in a recent visit which I made to the West.

The honourable Senator from Georgia altogether over-estimates my powers, both of reasoning seriously or of being humorous. Sir, it is no sort of merit in a man to exhibit humour if he has the subjects of it all around him. But when a man has to travel away off at a distance, and from the fields of imagination to bring up something to excite the ludicrous, there is some merit in it. But when a man has subjects all around him, and he has only just to put out his hand and touch them, there is no great merit in it. The Senator, therefore, estimates my powers altogether too highly. Upon another field, I have no doubt I should most signally fail. The compliment is to the richness of the material, and not to the skill of the operator [laughter].

Having said thus much, I come back to the question. In regard to that, the honourable Senator from Maryland paid me a compliment, though he did not mean to do so. He said that I made one remark which was applicable to the subject before us. I desire to be just, and I wish I could return the compliment [laughter]. But, sir, I have prescribed to myself in bestowing compliments and in the uttering of witticisms that which utterly forbids it, and that is to speak nothing but the truth; and that shuts the mouth of compliment on this occasion. Although it is, as I understand it, almost always out of order for one person to impeach the motives of another, I will say this, that, so far as General Scott is concerned, what I say about him I said years ago, before he was nominated, and before I thought he would be nominated. I thought, then, and I said, that so far as the mere soldier goes, he does merit as much as those who have spoken the loudest in his favour have asserted.

I wish I had the power to make what is so clear and plain to my own mind, a little plainer to some one else. I wish I had the power of making palpable the proposition that a vote of thanks to a general after a victory does include approbation of the war. The honourable Senator say that that doctrine is monstrous, or horrible—I do not know which epithet he used; but I believe, both. Does he know the author of the sentiment? Sir, I trust he does; because I know that Maryland is prolific in scholars and in scholarship, and I take it that it is not all engrossed by one of the Senators from Maryland. Sir, the author of that "horrible" sentiment was Lord Chatham, the elder Pitt; and the occasion for expressing it was on a vote of thanks to some of the British officers for the victories they had gained over the American colonies.

And further than that, the honourable Senator wants to know what an officer is to do when he is called upon to fight in an unjust war. Sir, that same history will tell him; and it will also tell him that there were officers in the British army who, when they were ordered to draw their swords in an unconstitutional and oppressive war, tendered their commissions to His Majesty.

Mr. Cass—Who were they?

Mr. Hale—Read my former speech, and you will find it there.

Mr. Cass—I would rather refer to you now. There may have been one such instance.

Mr. Hale—There was.

Mr. Cass—I say there may have been one.

Mr. Hale—I wish there had been one in this country. I tell you, if there had been one, he would have been President. If General Scott had done it, it would have elected him. Gentlemen are altogether mistaken when they undertake to judge what the popular sentiment is by certain manifestations which are easily manufactured, but which do not come from the heart of the people. But I will leave the subject.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1853.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twentieth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, at the Melodeon, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 26th, 27th, and 28th, 1853; commencing on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, A. M. All auxiliary Societies, and all Societies in unison with this, are solicited to be strongly represented on the occasion. To all persons, everywhere, who believe in freedom and justice for all, and who desire peace on the earth and good-will among men, a most cordial invitation is given to come and participate in the duties of this meeting. Discussions of the greatest interest may be anticipated.

Able and eloquent speakers will be present. Further particulars hereafter.

Francis Jackson, Pres.

Edmund Quincy, Sec'y.

PROPOSED RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF SLAVERY IN NEW YORK.

Mr. D. B. Taylor, a member of Assembly from this city, gave notice, one day last week, of his intention to introduce a bill to the Legislature by which slaveholders shall be permitted to bring their slaves into this State when in *transitu* for some other State or country. We are much more surprised at the modesty of Mr. Taylor's demands than that he should put forth a proposition which seems to excite some indignation. His object avowedly is, not to subserve the interests of New York, not to add any thing to the glory of his own State, not to please his own constituents, but to extend the privileges of the slaveholding brethren. Why then give them a mere bite of a cherry when he could as well offer a full measure of good fruit? Perhaps there are not many of the slaveholders who think with Mr. Lemmon that the old mathematical rule, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points, is a mistake, and that the shortest way to go South from Virginia is to go five hundred miles northward; but very many of them, perhaps, for other good and sufficient reasons, would be glad of the privilege of bringing slaves to this city or State, and of holding them as such, under our laws, as long as they pleased to remain here. There is now and then a Southern man whom necessity or inclination prompts to do something for his own maintenance, and he condescends to live in New York for a year or two, or a few years, in the way of business. It would be a great comfort and a saving if he could bring his servants with him to take the place of our Northern domestics, who, not only have the impertinence to expect wages for their labour, but even go so far as to refuse to live with people whose treatment of them is not satisfactory. Then there are very many of our wealthy merchants who hold slaves at the South, taken for debt, seized to satisfy mortgages, and the permission to import from New Orleans or Charleston a few field-hands for a country-seat, or a few house-servants for the town residence, would be a real boon. Isn't Mrs. Smith tormented to death by these impudent Irish? Isn't Mrs. Brown's life plagued out of her for the want of servants who can be made to be what real servants should be? Perhaps a merchant has himself resided in Southern cities, and would not so much regret returning to New York if our absurd laws would permit him to bring with him the comforts of his Southern home, to which he and his wife and daughters have become so accustomed. And are this large class of our fellow-citizens worthy of no consideration in Mr. Taylor's bill? Either that gentleman is altogether too much afraid of the prejudices of a portion of the community, or else he is disposed to make invidious distinctions. Slaveholders are slaveholders, Mr. Taylor, whether they reside in New York or Norfolk, and the privileges which belong to them there should be given to them here. Let your patriotism have full sway, and let anybody bring their slaves here for any purpose, and keep them here as long as they please.

But if Mr. Taylor is too timid for the work that the times demand, some of his colleagues, perhaps, will be found truer to themselves, the party, and the Union. A Mr. Champlin has offered the following Resolutions, which were ordered to be printed:

Resolved, "That in view of the condition of popular institutions in the Old World, a high and sacred duty is devolved with increased responsibility upon the people of this country to uphold and maintain the rights of every State, and thereby the Union of the States, and to sustain and advance among us constitutional liberty; continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution, which are broad enough and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, the Union as it is, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacity of this great and progressive people."

Resolved, "That the comity due from the several members of the confederacy to each other demands that full faith and credit should be given by each, to the public laws and municipal regulations of its sister States," "and that such States are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution, and that all efforts of Abolitionists or others, made to interfere with questions of Slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions."

Resolved, That every citizen friendly to our republican institutions, State and National, should feel impelled by a sense of duty to "resist all attempts at renewing in Congress, *or out* of it, the agitation of the Slavery question *under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made.*"

We have more hope of Mr. Champlin than of Mr. Taylor in this crisis. *He*, at least, is clear-sighted, and looks at consequences. What can be clearer, for instance, than that to make New York a Slave State again, is to sustain and advance Constitutional liberty, and that to make all the States slaveholding, and therefore of one mind on the subject of Slavery, is a sure way of suppressing agitation; Mr. Champlin is evidently the man that has Come, and we may trust to him to see that Mr. Taylor's Bill shall cover the whole ground. He certainly is for no half-way measures; the clear head out of which these Resolutions issued may be trusted to detect fallacies and defeat partial legislation.

The whole subject is referred to the Judiciary Committee, so that in due time we shall hear of it again.

Judge McLean on the recent Decision in the Supreme Court.—We copied, last week, from the New York *Times*, the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Richard Eells *vs.* the People of Illinois, affirming the right of a State to pass laws concerning Fugitive Slaves, provided the object of such laws was to aid and not prevent the capture of the fugitives. Justice McLean, it was stated, dissented from the opinion of the Court, and the *Times* publishes the reasons given by him for that dissent. It is as follows:

U. S. Supreme Court.—*Richard Eells vs. The People of Illinois.*—In the case of Prigg *vs.* The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the police power of the State was not denied, but admitted. This Court held in Fox *vs.* The State of Ohio, 5 How. 410, that a person might be punished under a law of the State for passing counterfeit coin, although the same offence was punishable under the act of Congress, and consequently that the conviction and punishment under the State law would be no bar to a prosecution under the law of Congress. In that case I dissented, and gave at large the grounds of my dissent.

As the case now before us involves the same principle as was ruled in that case, I again dissent for the reasons then given, and I deem it unnecessary now to repeat them.

It is contrary to the nature and genius of our Government to punish an individual twice for the same offence. Where the jurisdiction is clearly vested in the Federal Government, and an adequate punishment has been provided by it, for an offence, no State, it appears to me, can punish the same act. The assertion of such a power involves the right of a State to punish all offences, punishable under the acts of Congress. This would practically disregard, if it did not destroy this important branch of criminal justice, clearly vested in the Federal Government. The exercise of such a power by the States would, in effect, be a violation of the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of the respective States. They all provide against a second punishment for the same act. It is no satisfactory answer to this, to say that the States and Federal Government constitute different sovereignties, and, consequently, may each punish offenders under its own laws.

It is true the criminal laws of the Federal and State Governments emanate from different sovereignties, but they operate upon the same people and should have the same end in view. In this respect the Federal Government, though sovereign within the limitation of its powers, may, in some sense, be considered as the agent of the States to provide for the general welfare, by furnishing offences under its own laws, within its jurisdiction. It is believed that no government regulated by laws, punishes twice criminally the same act. And I deeply regret that our Government should be an exception to a great principle of action, sanctioned by humanity and justice.

It seems to me it would be as unsatisfactory to an individual, as it would be illegal, to say to him that he must submit to a second punishment for the same act, because it is punishable as well under the State laws, as under the laws of Federal Government. It is true he lives under the *ægis* of both laws, and though he might yield to the power, he would not be satisfied with the logic or justice of the argument.

Oliver Johnson, Editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, has recovered from his recent severe illness and is again at his post. He thus gracefully and feelingly salutes his readers in the last number of the *Freeman*:

AT HOME.

After an absence of two months, caused by severe illness, the editor of *The Freeman* is happy in finding himself able, at the opening of a New Year, to resume his editorial labours; and he takes great pleasure in extending to his readers the congratulations and good wishes appropriate to the season. Of his illness it is enough to say, that while it has taught him anew the priceless value of human sympathy and brotherly kindness, it has not diminished in the least the fervour of his zeal in the cause of the slave nor abated one jot his faith in its ultimate triumph. If, during the hours when life hung trembling in the balance and the prospect of returning to his post seemed dark and uncertain, the quickened powers of conscience and memory arraigned him for many errors and sins that he would gladly have blotted from the records of his experience, the thought that, in the flush of youth, he had devoted himself with his whole soul to the cause of Freedom and Humanity, and that in that cause he had spent the larger portion of his mature years, brought with it no regrets, but was a source of indescribable joy and peace. He did indeed see abundant cause for lamentation in view of his want of zeal and devotedness in an enterprise worthy of an angel's highest and best service and of a martyr's unblenching faith and courage, but there was unspeakable satisfaction in the thought, that his influence, however limited, his efforts, however feeble, had at least been given on the right side of the great question of the age. And now that returning health enables him to renew the labours of which his spirit never grows weary, he would ask his readers to unite with him, at the commencement of the New Year, in a renewal of the sacred vows of the heart which bind us to the cause of the slave and of our common humanity. During the year upon which we have now entered we must neither falter nor grow weary, but work with a heartiness, a zeal, a steadfastness of purpose, that shall at least serve to convince our enemies that we are indeed the friends of Impartial Liberty, and that all expectation of tiring us out or of silencing us, either by flattery on the one hand or frowns on the other, is utterly vain and hopeless. If we begin the year and meet its duties as they arise in this spirit, each succeeding day will be hallowed by the smiles of an approving conscience, the heart-felt gratitude of the oppressed, and the benedictions of Heaven!

One Southern View of it.—The *Orleanian*, a New Orleans paper, takes a very common-sense view of the late Lemmon Case in this city. With whatever feelings such articles may be read by Northern Dan. Taylors and Journal of Commerce editors, we confess to a huge satisfaction at such evidences that demagogues and hypocrites are not everywhere esteemed for what they would pass themselves off to be. This Mrs. Cora Montgomery, some of our readers will remember as a ratherish good-looking and very voluble lady, whose advent into public life was on the Anti-Slavery platform in Faneuil Hall, some dozen years back. But Anti-Slavery, she found, would prove a very unprofitable speculation, so she turned her fair face Texas-ward and 'went in' for Annexation. The Mexican War got all the aid and comfort she could give it, and of late her ready pen has run in favour of filibustering generally.

The *Orleanian* says:

Agitate.—Here they are going off again, these newspapers, at half cock, about the decision of Judge Paine, in New York, in the case of Louis Napoleon, f. m. c., vs. Lemmon. How earnest the letters and scribblers for newspapers at the North do seem to be stirring up strife. Here must needs come Cora Montgomery, the wife of Gen. Cazneau, of Texas, writing *bas bleau* nonsense from New York, about that which she calls "intensely vital Southern question." Let the good woman know that she is about as well instructed upon her side of the matter as the Beecher woman would pretend to be on the other. Why, had the Lemmon case been brought before the Supreme Court of Louisiana, the Supreme Court of Louisiana would have decided precisely as Judge Paine has; unless, indeed, it had been made known to them the fact in geography, which is new to us, viz; that the only route from Virginia to New Orleans is via New York.

It is only when the slave *escapes* into a free State that the Constitution, and the laws under it, aid the master in his recovery. If the slave be voluntarily taken to a free country by the master, that slave becomes free; and, being free but for a moment, our laws cannot make him a slave again. We have decided this over and over. The case of Maria *vs.* Generis was the case where Generis had purchased a woman born a slave, but who had been allowed by her master to work in Indiana. Subsequently he took her to Louisiana, sold her to Generis, she became dissatisfied with her condition, sued for her freedom, and obtained it. So in the case of Mary Louisa *vs.* Marot, where the plaintiff had been taken to France, to wait upon a weak mistress. On her return here, she sued for her freedom, and obtained it.

True, our Legislature made an act to correct these decisions; but such an act is unconstitutional, and no honest Judge, with a grain of regard for law, would dare say it was binding on him. No complaint has come from the South about the decision of Judge Paine; but it is the North and Mrs. Cora Montgomery Cazneau who tell us that somebody has knocked a chip off our hat and that "*our citizen right of inter-State transit*" is in danger. Good madam, inform yourself upon the law. The Lemmon case is a sad one, doubtless, for the owner, but she alone is interested. A little study of geography, and $10 to a lawyer, would have saved her this trouble.

Case of Rachel Parker.—The petition for freedom of Rachael Parker, alleging that she is a free woman, and was kidnapped in Chester County, Pennsylvania, came on for a hearing, last week, in the County Court at Baltimore. Seventy witnesses were present from Pennsylvania. Judge Campbell—the Attorney General of Penn—Judge Bell, and William Morris, of Baltimore, are employed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to appear for the petitioner. The decision is yet not given.

The Foreign Reviews.—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the Advertisement of the Foreign Reviews issued by Leonard Scott & Co., of this city. We have no notion of the extent of the circulation of these re-publications; but if there are a few hundred thousand people in this country who know what good reading is and where to find it, the Reviews should go to every one of them. We do know, however, that there are magazines here which are made up almost exclusively of selections from Foreign Periodicals, and, as these have a very large circulation, it is very natural to suppose that the best of the English Periodicals published entire, though at a little greater expense, would command even a much larger share of popular favour. We are not sure that it is so; and when we consider that the popular estimate of a commodity is in its price rather than in its quality, we fear that it is not. We are, nevertheless, inclined to be dogmatical as to what ought to be the fact; and if we were annually called upon to advise a friend who had but $10 a year to expend in books, how to expend it, our annual counsel would be—subscribe for the Foreign Reviews.

These several Quarterlies and Blackwood have been often noticed, collectively and individually, in our columns, and not unfrequently quoted, so that their character, by this time, must be well understood among our readers. We especially call attention to the advertisement of them, however, at this time, to notice the actual reduction in price, to distant subscribers, which the new postage law has made within the last year, and to the continued—we can hardly say *increased*—value which is given to Blackwood by the serials of Bulwer and other writers of fiction hardly less able than he.

The Works of Wm. H. Seward.—It will gratify all that portion of our readers who reside in this State, and many who do not, to hear that the works of Gov. Seward are in course of preparation for publication, under the editorial supervision of Mr. Geo. E. Baker, of Williamsburg, a gentleman quite competent to the task, and who brings to it the very desirable gratification of a sincere, sober, and, at the same time, enthusiastic admiration of his author. The Works are to be in three volumes, and will be no expurgated edition. His speeches upon Slavery, in and out of Congress, will be given in full, as well as his sayings and writings upon Popular Education, the Land Question, Political Economy, the Erie Canal, and various other subjects which still occupy and agitate the public. And beside these, a large portion of his more private correspondence will be published in one of the Volumes, as well as his letters while abroad. The Work can hardly fail to be an interesting addition to American Literature, and promises to be more complete than as is often published in the life time of an author.

☞ A son of Gen. Pierce was instantly killed, on the 6th instant, by the overturning of a car on the Eastern Railroad, near Andover, Mass. His parents were with him, but were only slightly injured. This is the third child they have lost, and the second within a year. They are now childless.

Believers in special Providences might find some food for reflection in the fatality which seems to wait on the Presidents of these latter days of the Republic. Gen. Harrison was nominated not because of his great civil qualifications, but because military reputation had made him popular; he was chosen, and died immediately. Polk was nominated because nobody knew him, and was chosen only because he was the candidate; he died as soon as his time was out, and, the youngest President, is the only one who has died comparatively young. Taylor, because he was Commander-in-Chief in a popular war, was nominated by those who opposed it; he was tormented to death in about a year. Pierce was nominated not because of his merits, but because it was wanted to put a party in power, not a man in the Presidency; affliction has been visited upon him between the time of his nomination and his entering upon office, to have been spared which he would, doubtless, gladly have foregone all of worldly success that the wildest ambition could ever dream of. We do not recall these facts as a lesson, as retributive justice, it would seem, should be visited not upon the innocent instruments, but upon the guilty people who have forgotten the virtue of true patriotism, and delivered themselves up, bound to a horde of greedy demagogues. But this unbroken train of calamity visited upon all our later Presidents is what quid nuncs call a "curious coincidence."

The expression of sympathy with General and Mrs. Pierce in this terrible visitation is very general, and, without doubt, most heartfelt.

☞ One Martin Langdon committed suicide, in this city, a few days since, in a state of partial insanity—so it appeared from the evidence before the Coroner—induced by mental excitement, long continued, in relation to what are called 'Spiritual Manifestations.' He was in the habit of reading certain papers devoted to that subject, and of attending at certain "Circle Meetings," where he supposed he held communication with the spirits of the dead. The Coroner's Jury, after hearing the evidence, establishing these facts, brought in the following verdict:

That Martin Langdon came to his death by exhaustion consequent upon mental excitement and from a wound inflicted by himself upon his throat. We also find that this state of mind was superinduced by his connection with persons calling themselves spiritual media. We also recommend the Grand Jury to take measures for the supression of circle meetings at the houses named in the testimony. Signed: James Donegan, No. 293 First av.; Francis Donegan, Fifty-ninth street, near Second av.; Michael Mealer, Twenty-seventh street, near First av.; James Welsh, Third av.; Michael Crimmens, Fifty-ninth street, nearth First av.; Patrick Kelly, No 493 Twelfth street.

A little persecution of this sort will be a most excellent provocative to the formation of 'circles,' and it certainly is a hard case if people are not to be permitted to see a ghost or two in their own houses, when they can have that good fortune. For our part, we think, if the matter is to be meddled with at all by the conservators of the public peace, that the Grand Jury should find a bill, not against the ghosts-seers, but the ghosts. That method we are certain would be quite as effectual to dispel the delusion which such people as Martin Langdon are suffering under.

But suppose Martin Langdon had lost his poor senses at a revival meeting in Dr. Spring's, or some other respectable orthodox Church, and had thereupon proceeded to lay violent hands upon himself; would the Coroner's Jury have suggested its suppression to the Grand Jury? They would have shown quite as much wisdom in that case as they have in this. Legislation must undertake to suppress weak-minded people and interdict the existence of folly if it is intended to get at the root of the matter.

H. H. Garnet.—The Kingston (Jamaica) *Dispatch* reports the arrival in that Island of the Rev. H. H. Garnet, a well-known coloured clergyman, formerly of the United States, as a Missionary from the United Presbyterian Church of Great Britain. Mr. Garnet lectured on the Fugitive Slave Law, in Kingston, on the 17th ultimo, to a large audience, who were highly delighted, says the *Dispatch*, "with the eloquence, clearness of delivery, and vividness of description of the Rev. gentleman." In its notice of the meeting, the same paper adds that "Mr. Garnet is the first negro missionary sent out and employed by the United Presbyterian Church as an ordained minister of the gospel. He was born a slave in Maryland, United States; escaped from bondage, along with his parents, when about nine years of age; obtained, by his own diligence and zeal, a literary and theological education, and was licensed and ordained by the Presbyterian Church in America, as a minister in the State of New York. When the Fugitive Slave Law came in force in the States, he fled to England—offered his services to the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, and was unanimously accepted. He was at Kingston on his way to Westmoreland, where he is to be located."

Temperance Convention.—A great Temperance Convention is to be held at Albany, next week, commencing on Tuesday, the 18th instant, and continuing till the evening of the 21st. It is stated that among the speakers who have engaged to be present are Hon.

Neal Dow, of Maine; Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of Trenton, N. J.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, P. T. Barnum, Esq., and John H. W. Hawkins, one of the original Washingtonians.

In the Western part of the State, several women have taken the field as Temperance lecturers. Misses Susan B. Anthony, and H. H. Albro, have recently made a lecturing tour in Oneida County, and two other ladies are coming down through the Erie Railroad lecturing on the way.

THE (Edinburgh) *Scottish Press* has been sent us containing the following Address from the People of Scotland to the People of the United States on the subject of Slavery. We copy it with great pleasure, and hope to see it widely circulated through the columns of Anti-Slavery papers at least:

THE FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE OF THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

Addressed to the People of the United States of America.

Americans—You acknowledge the brotherhood of nations. You avow the doctrine that the nations of the earth constitute one great family, and that as such they are bound to each other by common interests and common ties. And in avowing this, you grant the right of any one member of that brotherhood to lift up a calm and truthful testimony before any other member, on behalf of humanity, justice and freedom, when these are assailed or outraged.

We are at one with you in the maintenance of this principle; and it is because we look to you as brethren—bound to us by the most sacred associations—that we now address you.

It is in no spirit of pride or fancied superiority that we make our appeal, but rather in a spirit of self-humiliation, calling to mind that we also were once partakers in this iniquity. And we hope that the fact of our having done what we could to wipe out our reproach as a nation—once implicated in upholding Slavery—will induce you to give the more willing and earnest heed to our remonstrance.

Americans—We plead with you on behalf of three millions of immortal beings whom you hold in bondage. We plead for the removal of the curse from their brow, the gall from their earthly cup, the chain from their limbs, the iron from their souls. We plead for the immediate, unqualified and entire abolition of Slavery throughout your land.

It is not necessary that we enter on any lengthened proof of the evils of this system. It carries its condemnation with it. That condemnation is heard in groans of anguish and written in tears of blood. It has been inscribed, as with letters of fire, on the desolated hearts and homes of millions. The voice of the Eternal proclaims it. A system which subjects three millions of human beings to the condition of mere "chattels personal" in the eye of the law—which deprives them of all their rights and privileges as intelligent and accountable creatures—which disallows or breaks asunder the most sacred ties of life—which virtually annuls "the higher law" of God, and substitutes in its stead the absolute will of a sinful man as the rule of obedience—which robs its victims of the fruits of their toil, and denies to them the means and opportunities of cultivating their deathless faculties—a system which sanctions atrocities like these must be essentially wrong and unutterably shameful, and cannot be mentioned in the same breath with truth, righteousness and freedom.

Americans—We appeal to you, on the ground of our common humanity, to abolish this system. We assert the manhood of the enslaved. These three millions who are in bondage are men and women like ourselves; gifted with like thoughts, like feelings, like aspirations; and, like us too, destined for immortality. Why then treat them as if they belonged not to human kind? That there are humane men among the upholders of the slave system, and slaves who receive humane treatment, we readily acknowledge, and yet we are compelled to say, that the inevitable tendency of such a system must be to subject the enslaved to treatment that is anything but humane. Where is the humanity of treating men and women as if they were brute beasts or creeping things? of trampling in the dust the most sacred relationships of life? of rearing slaves like cattle for the market? of subjecting them to the lash and to numerous indignities and immoralities? and this according to the caprice or passion of an irresponsible owner? Is there even the semblance of humanity here? We plead with you to treat the slave as a man.

We appeal to you on the ground of Justice. Where is the justice that is dealt out to the slave? Where is there anything meriting the sacred name? The system takes from the slave all that he has, all that he gains, from life's commencement even to its close. It strips him of money, home, wife, children. It deprives him of education, civil rights, liberty of conscience, the Bible. It condemns him without a hearing, and subjects him without a trial to bonds, imprisonment, and even death. In vain does he look for justice at the hands of his oppressor. There is no tribunal of righteousness to which he can appeal. In the preamble to your noble constitution, it is affirmed that it was framed "to establish justice," and yet there are three millions of human beings at this hour, within the bounds of your Republic, who may be treated with every indignity, and cruelty, while the justice of your land extends no shield over their helpless heads.

We appeal to you on the ground of consistency. And is not this the fundamental principle set forth in your glorious Declaration of Independence—that "all men are born free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What means this language? Does it mean that the man of colour as well as the white is a man; that the black man is born free as well as the white? that God has given to the black man, as well as the white, those sacred, inalienable rights? Where, then, is the consistency between your profession and your practice as a people?

Again, in your past history you have shown that you are ever ready to sympathize with the victims of despotism in other lands in their struggles for freedom. In this you do well. We mingle our sympathy with yours. But where is the consistency of having overflowing sympathies for the enslaved afar off, and bondage and oppression for millions in the bosom of your own land.

We appeal to you on the sacred ground of our common Christianity. Shall our appeal here be unheeded? America proclaims itself to be a Christian land. And is not the very spirit of Christianity one of love? But where is the manifestation of that spirit in the enslavement of three millions of your fellow-men? Is not this the teaching of Christianity's divine Author—"Love thy neighbour as thyself?" And who is thy neighbour? That down-trodden slave is he. But where is your love, when you even deny him the right to be a man? Does not Christianity teach that God has "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth?" But how can you reconcile this great truth with your conduct in shutting out the poor slave from the brotherhood of humanity? Is not this the grand law for the regulation of conduct betwixt man and man, as laid down by the Great Teacher himself—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them?" But if that law be honoured in the midst of you, does it not follow that you will bid every slave go free? As ye would that men should bind no fetters on your limbs, does not that law demand that ye bind no fetters on theirs? As ye would not be enslaved, Christ bids you enslave none. Have you not Bible and Missionary Societies, and do you not regard them as the glory of your nation? But why send the Bible to slaves of Satan in other climes, and deny it to the slaves of your own land? Why seek to illumine India or China, while you doom to heathen darkness millions in your own country? Americans! by everything that is sacred and awful in our holy religion, we appeal to you to be consistent here. As you profess to be a Christian people, listen to the Word of the Most High—"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them"—"Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound"—"Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

Americans—Shall Slavery continue? Shall the accursed system still live under the shadow of law—still be tolerated, fostered, propagated? Shall the foul blot still remain on your national escutcheon? Will you still forsake the good old paths of your fathers, and act as if you sought to quench the altar-fires of liberty which they enkindled? Will you continue to undo the work of patriots, reformers, philanthropists, and to affiliate with tyrants, traitors, usurpers, and men-stealers? Surely it cannot be! Surely an indignant nation will say, It shall not be!

Americans—Bear with us in our importunity. We love you as brethren; therefore do we plead with you. We love your magnificent country, your noble institutions, your spirit of progress; therefore do we plead with you. We love liberty, our dearest birthright and yours, for which our fathers and your fathers shed their blood—liberty, the birthright of all; therefore do we plead with you. We love the three millions who are enfettered in the midst of you; therefore do we plead with you. We love Religion, and would see her divine and glorious form making triumphant progress through your land; therefore do we plead with you. We love the image of Jesus, in his disciples of whatever colour, and would not see that image in chains: therefore do we plead with you.

Americans—We know that there are difficulties in your way, but these are as nothing in comparison with the measureless good to be achieved. Your moral influence, your position among the nations, and your glory as a people, will be all the more eminent and enduring, if, by one act of magnanimity you trample these difficulties in the dust. Retrace, then, your steps we entreat you! Give to the enslaved his in-born, inalienable rights. Give to the toiler the fruits of his toil. Give to the husband the wife of his bosom, and to the wife the husband of her youth. Give to the fond mother the child whom God has given to her. Give to immortal mind the priceless blessing of education. Give to the weary, the wretched, and the lost, the light of life and the hope of eternal repose. Give to man the right to be his own—free amongst his fellows, and accountable to his God. Then shall the Union Flag of Freedom float above a land without a Slave! and the good upon earth will rejoice, and the God of heaven will bless you.

N. B.—It has been resolved by the Committees of Edinburgh and Glasgow, that the Remonstrance shall be signed by the Chairman of Public Meetings, Corporate Bodies, &c. &c, on behalf of those whom they represent, and thereafter transmitted for publication in American newspapers and other periodicals.

Domestic Correspondence.

LETTER FROM G. W. F. MELLEN.

MR. GAY—Though I am not on my favourite topic, you may *yet* be willing to admit my communication. Seeing the allusion Mr. Cass has made, in the Senate of the United States, to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the censure he has passed upon it, has put me in mind of a number of incidents, which, it seems to me, go to prove Mrs. Stowe has not exaggerated in her work; in fact it is hard to exaggerate on a subject as prolific in tragedy as Mr. Hale says the United States Senate is of fun.

A number of years since, meeting with Mr. Ingraham, of Mississippi, we got talking upon Slavery, and finding I expressed myself strongly upon the subject, he told me the following incident, as if to deter me, and as a warning of what I might expect if I should express such sentiments in the Southern States.

He said, there was a young man who had been educated at Princeton College for the ministry, who went to that State to reside. While there he thought proper to instruct his coloured flock, and for that purpose, met with them in a retired place. It was not long before it was discovered what he was about, and he was warned of the consequences; but thinking, I suppose, he ought, in accordance with that old injunction, to obey God rather than man, he continued his instruction till, being discovered in the act, he was taken by mob and hung. If I mistake not, his house also was burned.

From the same State, I had a newspaper sent me. Seeing a number of advertisements for runaway slaves, I concluded to count the weekly report, and in three months, I found I had taken a memorandum of seventy-five, who had either run away, or had been confined in jail for so doing, in one single county of that State.

From the same paper, I read an account of a duel, commenced by two persons, but, before it was ended, thirty or forty others became involved, and bowie knives and pistols were freely used, until a number were killed in the melee.

The Vicksburg Lynching, if I understand aright, arose from the fact, not so much, perhaps, that the victims were guiltless, as that they were in the habit of stealing negroes, or rather of hiring or engaging them to runaway. After they had been sold by them, they joined their company again, and in this way they passed up and down the Mississippi, selling negroes, and never having to buy, and this the planters did not like. It was not a legitimate way of speculating in human flesh. It was rather annoying to buy a slave one day, and the next find him among the missing, and then, also, to know he could, on account of the power of the conspirators, get no redress.

Again, in the old North State, I had a sister, who went to Wilmington to reside with her husband, and, I must confess, from her account, I have much to thank the people of that town for the kindness shown her. Yet I was informed by her husband that, on one occasion, there was a slave who had left the care and protection of his master, to reside in the forest, and who, it was suspected, occasionally visited the smoke-houses of the planters, to supply his necessary wants; not liking his intrusion, they got up a slave-hunt, and it was not long before he was brought in, a corpse, and exhibited in the streets. An old negro, by the name of Dan, who belonged to the late Governor Dudley, engaged in carting, on having an errand to his house, used frequently to engage my sister in conversation, and would advise her, on account of the climate, and other reasons, to return to the North. Her husband never owned a slave. Finally, appearances indicated all was not right, and she came home. Not long afterward, a plot was discovered, in which this very Dan, who was an old man, was engaged; the object of which was to set fire to the town, kill the male portion of the inhabitants, but to save the females for their wives. It was about the time of the Nat Turner insurrection, and it was intimated the dissatisfaction was pretty general among the slaves throughout the Southern States; but, be this as it may, Dan and three others were tried and executed; their heads were cut off and stuck upon poles at the different entrances to the town, to caution as to all others. Though I saw a statement, made by Mr. Clingman, of that State, denying that the United States government was ever called upon to protect the South against the uprising of her human cattle; yet I was informed the United States troops were regularly sent there, by the government, for a number of successive summers, to keep guard over the contented and happy subjects of the injured master, who, at the time, found it very convenient, on account of the unhealthiness of the climate, to go to the sea shore, or to Saratoga, or to some other fashionable watering place. In the Fall, ere his return, and that of the Yankee, the troops are recalled, because, with the Yankee's assistance, they suppose themselves able to cope with those happy people. The heads of the slaves that were executed remained exposed for a number of years, till accident or the storms of heaven blew them over.

Such are some of the facts that have come under my notice, while others more revolting have been related to me. We might ask Mr. Cass if such a state of society can be exaggerated. For one, I think not; and to show that, unless constantly renewed, by persons from abroad, the ignorance and vice generated by young children, brought up in contact with so much ignorance and degradation, the whole mass of society would become boorish and semi-barbarous. The following anecdote illustrates my meaning: A lady from the South, who had married a Northern gentleman, unwittingly made to me, in conversation, the following observation, or, perhaps, having married as she had done, her imagination had become perverted; but it seemed to reveal a truth she, probably, little expected; it was this: "Husband, how happens it, all our gentlemen come from the North." Though, perhaps, not true to the extent expressed, yet enough to have caused the observation. It is such facts as these that, for the honour of our country, make me an Abolitionist.

Yours truly, G. W. F. MELLEN.

Congressional.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT RELATIVE TO THE TRIPARTITE TREATY PROPOSITION.

A message was received from the President, in reply to Mr. Mason's resolution calling for the correspondence relative to the tripartite treaty respecting Cuba. Ordered to be printed.

From the correspondence communicated by the President I select the following, being all that I could have copied:

John P. Crampton to Daniel Webster.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1852.

SIR—I beg leave to enclose the copy of the despatch, and the project for a convention, which formed the subject of the conversation which Mons. de Sartiges and myself had the honour of holding with you this morning. The sentiments and opinions which you addressed to us with so much frankness and precision, in regard to this matter, were so entirely in concurrence with those entertained by Her Majesty's government, and so well embody the principles which have been laid down by the President of the United States on several occasions, and more especially in his last annual message to Congress, that it would be a great satisfaction to me to be enabled to carry them to Lord Malmesbury in your hand; if, therefore, you were to think it expedient in acknowledging the receipt of this, my present communication, to make such a succinct statement of them as you may deem proper, it would afford me an opportunity of communicating your remarks confidential, to his lordship, in a manner which would, I am convinced, be extremely gratifying to her Majesty's government.

(Signed) JOHN F. CRAMPTON.

The Earl of Malmesbury to John F. Crampton.

FOREIGN OFFICE, April 8, 1852.

SIR—The attacks which have lately been made on the Island of Cuba by lawless bands of adventurers from the United States, with the avowed design of taking possession of that island, have engaged the serious attention of her Majesty's government, the more especially as they are most anxious that the friendly relations existing between the governments of Great Britain and the United States should not be endangered, as they might be, by a repetition of such attacks. The government of the United States has repeatedly declared that it would not see, with indifference, the Island of Cuba fall into the possession of any other European power than Spain. Her Majesty's government share, in the most unqualified manner, in the views thus put forth by the government of the United States, and would never see, with indifference, the island of Cuba in the possession of any power whatever but Spain. The government of France, with which her Majesty's government have been in communication on this important matter, cordially adopt the same view, and concur with her Majesty's government in thinking that an effort ought to be made, in concert with the government of the United States, to place this matter on such a footing as to preclude all hazard of collision between the three powers, in the event of the aggressions on Cuba being repeated. The British government can have no hesitation in explicitly declaring that they have no wish or intention to appropriate Cuba to themselves. The French government has signified to her Majesty's government their entire concurrence in these sentiments, and their readiness to make a formal declaration to the same effect. The government of the United States, having also, at various times, pronounced themselves in the same sense, and having, moreover, in these later times, exerted themselves, so far as their legal competence permitted, to arrest and defeat the attempts made by United States citizens and others against the island of Cuba; all three parties appear to be fully agreed to repudiate, each for itself, all thoughts of appropriating Cuba; and it would, therefore, seem as if all that remained to be done was to give practical effect to the views entertained in common by the three powers. It appears to her Majesty's government (and in this view the government of France have expressed their concurrence), that this result would be best attained by the three parties entering into a tripartite arrangement, whether by convention, or by the interchange of formal notes by which they bind themselves severally and collectively, to renounce, both now and hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of others. I enclose herewith a project of such convention as her Majesty's government thinks would answer the purpose intended, and I have to instruct you to submit this project to the government of the United States for its favourable consideration, accompanying the proposals with such observations and arguments as you may consider best suited to conciliate the good will of this government, and to induce them to receive with favour the arrangement thus submitted to them. You will read this despatch to the United States Secretary of State, and leave the copy of it with him.

I am, &c., (Signed) MALMESBURY.

DRAFT OF CONVENTION.

Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Prince President of the French Republic, and the United States of America, having judged it expedient, with a view to strengthen the friendly relations which happily subsist between them, to set forth and fix by a convention their views and intentions with regard to the Island of Cuba, have named as their respective plenipotentiaries for this purpose, that is to say, her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c.; the Prince President of the French Republic, &c. &c., and the President of the United States of America, &c. &c., who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded the following articles:

Article 1.—The high contracting parties hereby severally and collectively disclaim, both now and forever, hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba, and they respectively bind themselves to discountenance all such attempts to that effect, on the part of any power or individual whatever. The high contracting parties declare severally and collectively that they will not obtain or maintain, for themselves or for any one of themselves, any exclusive control over the said island, or assume or exercise any dominion over the same.

Article 2.—The present convention shall be ratified and the ratification shall be exchanged at —— as soon as possible, within —— months from the date hereof. In witness whereof, the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms. Done at Washington, the —— day of ——, in the year of our Lord, 1852.

Mr. Webster to the Count de Sartiges.

The undersigned has the honour to acknowledge the receipt of M. de Sartiges' note of the 23d inst. together with the copy of the instructions from M. de Turgot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, to M. de Sartiges, bearing date the 31st ult. There is no doubt that M. de Turgot has justly described the course of policy which has influenced the government of the United States heretofore in regard to the Island of Cuba. It has been stated, and often repeated to the government of Spain by this government, under various administrations, not only that the United States have no design upon Cuba themselves, but that if Spain should refrain from a voluntary cession of the island to any other European power, she might rely upon the countenance and friendship of the United States to assist her in the defence and preservation of that island. At the same time it has always been declared to Spain that the government of the United States could not be expected to acquiesce in the cession of Cuba to an European power. The undersigned is happy in being able to say that the present executive of the United States entirely approves of this past policy of the government, and fully concurs in the general sentiments expressed by M. de Turgot, and understood to be identified with those entertained by the government of Great Britain. The President will take M. de Sartiges' communication into consideration and give it his best reflections. But the undersigned deems it his duty, at the same time, to remind M. de Sartiges, and through him, his government that the policy of the United States has uniformly been to avoid, as far as possible, alliances or agreements with other States, and to keep itself free from national obligations, except such as affect directly the interests of the United States themselves. This sentiment has been strongly felt and uniformly entertained in the councils of this government from its earliest history. How far, therefore, it may be necessary to make this case of Cuba an exception, and especially how far any motive may be found for entering into any treaty stipulations or exchange of official declarations with the governments of France and Great Britain in the existing state of things upon the subject of Cuba are questions which, as the undersigned has already intimated, will be maturely considered. The undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew to M. de Sartiges the assurance of his high consideration.

(Signed) DANIEL WEBSTER.

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1852.

Mr. Everett to the Count de Sartiges.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1852. }

SIR—You are well acquainted with the melancholy circumstances which have hitherto prevented a reply to the note which you addressed to my predecessor on the 8th of July. That note, and the instruction of M. de Turgot accompanying it, with a similar communication from the English minister, and the project of a convention between the three powers relative to Cuba have been among the first subjects to which my attention has been called by the President. The substantial portion of the propposed convention is expressed in a single article, in the following terms: "The high contracting parties hereby severally and effectually disclaim, now and hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba, and they respectively bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individuals whatever. The high contracting parties declare, severally and collectively, that they will not obtain or maintain, for themselves, or for any one of themselves, any exclusive control over the said island, nor assume nor exercise any dominion over the same" The President has given the most serious attention to this proposal; to the notes of the French and British ministers accompanying it, and to the instructions of M. de Turgot and the Earl of Malmesbury, transmitted with the project of the convention, and he directs me to make known to you the view which he takes of this important and delicate subject. The President fully concurs with his predecessors, who have on more than one occasion authorized the declaration referred to by M. de Turgot and Lord Malmesbury, that the United States could not see with indifference the Island of Cuba fall into the possession of any other European government than Spain—not, however, because we should be dissatisfied with any natural increase of territory or power on the part of France or England. France has within twenty years acquired a vast domain on the northern coast of Africa, with a fair prospect of indefinite extension. England, within half a century, has added very extensively to her empire. These acquisitions have created no uneasiness on the part of the United States. In like manner the United States have within the same period greatly increased their territory. The largest addition was that of Louisiana, which was purchased from France. These accessions of territory have probably caused no uneasiness to the great European powers, as they have been brought about by the operation of national causes, and without any disturbance of the international relations of the principal States. They have been followed by a great increase of mutually beneficial commercial intercourse between the United States and Europe. But the case would be different in reference to the transfer of Cuba from Spain to any other European power. That event could not take place without a serious derangement of the international system now existing, and it would indicate designs in reference to this hemisphere which could not but awaken alarm in the United States. We should view it in somewhat the same light in which France and England would view the acquisition of some important island in the Mediterranean by the United States, with this difference: It is true that the attempt of the United States to establish themselves in Europe would be a novelty, while the appearance of an European power in this part of the world is a familiar fact. But this difference in the two cases is merely historical, and would not diminish the anxiety which, on political grounds, would be caused by any great demonstration of European power in a new direction in America. M. de Turgot states that France could never see with indifference the possession of Cuba by any power but Spain, and explicitly declares that she has no wish or intention of appropriating the island to herself, and the English Minister makes the same avowal on the part of his government. M. de Turgot and Lord Malmesbury do the government of the United States no more than justice in remarking that they have often pronounced themselves substantially in the same sense. The President does not covet the acquisition of Cuba for the United States—at the same time he considers the condition of Cuba as mainly an American question. The proposed convention proceeds on a different principle—it assumes that the United States has no other or greater interest in the question than France or England; whereas it is necessary only to cast one eye on the map to see how remote are the relations of Europe, and how intimate those of the United States with this island. The President, doing full justice to the friendly spirit in which his concurrence is invited by France and England, and not insensible to the advantages of a good understanding between the three powers in reference to Cuba, feels himself, nevertheless, unable to become a party to the proposed compact, for the following reasons: It is, in the first place, in his judgment, clear, as far as the respect due from the Executive to a co-ordinate branch of the government will permit him to anticipate its decision, that no such convention would be viewed with favour by the Senate. Its certain rejection by that body would leave the question of Cuba in a more unsettled state than it is now. This objection would not require the President to withhold his concurrence from the convention if no other objection existed, and if a strong sense of the utility of the measure rendered it his duty, as far as the Executive action is concerned, to give his consent to the arrangement. Such, however, is not the case. The convention would be of no value unless it were lasting. Accordingly its terms express a perpetuity of purpose and obligation. Now it may well be doubted whether the constitution of the United States would allow the American government for all coming time, and prevent it, under any future change of circumstances, from doing what has been so often done in times past. In 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France; and in 1819 they purchased Florida of Spain. It is not within the competence of the treaty-making power in 1852 effectually to bind the government in all its branches, and for all coming time, not to make a similar purchase of Cuba. A little remark, I imagine, may be made even in reference both to France and England, where the treaty-making power is less subject than it is with us to the control of other branches of government. There is another strong objection to the proposed agreement. Among the oldest traditions of the federal government is an aversion to political alliances with European powers. In his memorable Farewell Address, President Washington says—"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations—to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith; here let us stop."

President Jefferson, in his inaugural address, in 1801, warned the country against entangling alliances. This expression, now become proverbial, was unquestionably used by Mr. Jefferson in reference to the alliance with France in 1788—an alliance, at the time, of incalculable benefit to the United States, but which, in less than twenty years, came near involving us in the wars of the French Revolution, and laid the foundation of heavy claims upon Congress, not extinguished to the present day. It is a significant coincidence that the particular provision of the alliance which occasioned these evils, was that under which France called upon us to aid her in defending her West Indian possessions against England. Nothing less than the unbounded influence of Washington rescued the Union from the perils of that crisis, and preserved our neutrality. But the President has a grave objection to entering into the proposed convention—he has no wish to disguise the feeling that the compact, although equal in its terms, would be very unequal in substance. France and England, by entering into it, would disable themselves from obtaining possession remote from their seats of government, belonging to another European power—whose national right to possess it must always be as good as their own—a distant island in another hemisphere, and one which, by no ordinary or peaceful course of things, could ever belong to either of them. If the present balance of power in Europe should be broken up—if Spain should be unable to maintain the island in her possession, and France and England should be engaged in a death struggle with each other—Cuba then might be the prize of the victor. Till these events all take place, the President does not see how Cuba can belong to any other European power but Spain. The United States, on the other hand, would, by the proposed convention, disable themselves from making an acquisition which might take place without any disturbance of existing foreign relations, and in the natural order of things. The island of Cuba lies at our doors; it commands the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five of our sister States; it bars the entrance to the great river which drains half the North American continent, and with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world; it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. If an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish crown, guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a convention like this to France and England, those powers would assuredly feel that the disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume. The opinions of American statesmen at different times, and under varying circumstances, have differed as to the desirableness of the acquisition of Cuba by the United States. Territorially and commercially, it would, in our hands, be an extremely valuable possession—under certain contingencies, it might be almost essential to our safety—still, for domestic reasons, on which, in a communication of this kind, it might not be proper to dwell, the President thinks that the incorporation of the island into the Union at the present time, although effected with the consent of Spain, would be a hazardous measure; and he would consider its acquisition by force, except in a just war with Spain, should an event so greatly to be deprecated take place, as a disgrace to the civilization of the age. The President has given ample proof the sincerity with which he holds these views. He has thrown the whole force of his constitutional power against all illegal attacks on the island. It would have been perfectly easy for him, without any seeming neglect of duty, to allow projects of a formidable character to gather strength by connivance. No amount of obloquy at home, no embarassments caused by the indiscretions of the colonial government of Cuba, have moved him from the path of duty. In this respect the Captain-General of that island, an officer apparently of upright and conciliatory character, but probably more used to military command than the management of civil affairs, has in a *punctilio* in reference to the purser of a private steamship, who seems to have been entirely innocent of the matters laid to his charge, refused to allow passengers and the mails of the United States to be landed from a vessel having him on board. This, certainly, is a very extraordinary mode of animadverting upon a supposed abuse of the liberty of the press, by the subject of a foreign government in his native country. The Captain-General is not permitted by his government, three thousand miles off, to hold any diplomatic intercourse with the United States. He is subject in no degree to the direction of the Spanish minister at Washington, and the President has to choose between a resort to force to compel the abandonment of this gratuitous interruption of commercial intercourse, which would result in war, and a delay of weeks and months necessary for a negotiation with Madrid, with all the chances of the most deplorable occurrences in the interval, and all for a trifle that ought to have admitted of a settlement by an exchange of notes between Washington and the Havana. The President has, however, patiently submitted to these evils, and has continued faithfully to give to Cuba the advantages of those principles of public law under which she has departed in this case from the country of nations. But the incidents to which I allude, and which are still in train, are among many others which point decisively to expediency of some change in the relations of Cuba, and the President thinks that the influence of France and England with Spain would be well employed in inducing her so to modify the administration of the government of Cuba, as to afford the means for some prompt remedy for the evils of the kind alluded to, which have done much to increase the spirit of unlawful enterprise against that island. That a convention, such as is proposed, would be a transitory arrangement, sure to be swept away by the irresistible tide of affairs in a new country, is, to the apprehension of the President, too obvious to require a laboured argument, as the project rests upon principles applicable, if at all, to Europe, where international relations are in their basis of great antiquity, slowly modified for the most part, in the progress of time, and events, and not applicable to America, which, but lately a waste, is filling up with intense rapidity, and adjusting on natural principles its territorial relations with the first discovery of the continent, were in a good degree fortuitous. The comparative history of Europe and America, even for a single century, shows this. In 1752 France, England and Spain were not generally different in their political condition in Europe from what they now are. They were ancient, mature, consolidated States, established in their relations with each other and the rest of the world—the leading powers of western and southern Europe. Totally different was the state of things in America. The United States had no existence as a people—a line of English colonies, not numbering over a million of inhabitants, stretched along the coast, extending from the Bay of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, beyond which, westward, the continent was occupied by wandering savages, and subject to a conflict and nominal claim on the part of France and Spain.

Everything in Europe was comparatively fixed—everything in America provisional, incipient, and temporary, except the law of progress, which is as organic and vital in the youth of States as of individual man. A struggle between the provincial authorities of France and England, for the possession of a petty stockade at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany, kindled the seven years' war, at the close of which the great European powers, not materially affected in their relations at home, had undergone astonishing changes on this continent. France had disappeared from the map of America, whose inmost recesses had been penetrated by her zealous missionaries, and her resolute and gallant adventurers. England had added the Canadas to her trans-Atlantic dominions. Spain had become the mistress of Louisiana, so that, in the language of the archbishop of Mexico, in 1770, she claimed Siberia as the northern boundary of New Spain. Twelve years from the treaty of Paris only elapsed, and another great change took place, fruitful of still greater changes to come.

The American Revolution broke out. It involved France, England, and Spain in a tremendous struggle, and at its close the United States of America had taken their place in the family of nations. In Europe, the ancient States were restored substantially to their equilibrium; but a new element, of incalculable importance, in relation to territorial arrangements, is henceforth to be recognised in America. Just twenty years from the close of the American Revolution, France, by a treaty with Spain, of which the provisions have never been disclosed, possessed herself of Louisiana; but did so only to cede it to the United States, and in the same year Lewis and Clarke started on their expedition to plant the flag of the United States on the shores of the Pacific. In 1819, Florida was sold by Spain to the United States, whose territorial possessions in this way had been increased three-fold in half a century. This last acquisition was so much a matter of course, that it had been distinctly foreseen by the Count Avanda, then prime minister of Spain, as long ago as 1783; but even these momentous events are but the forerunners of new territorial revolutions, still more stupendous.

A dynastic struggle between the Emperor Napoleon and Spain, commencing in 1808, convulsed the peninsula. The vast possessions of the Spanish crown on this continent, vice-royalties and captain-generalships, filling the space between California and Cape Horn, one after another asserted their independence. No friendly power in Europe at that time was able, or if able, was willing to succour Spain or aid her to prop the crumbling buttresses of her colonial empire. So far from it, when France, in 1823, threw an army of a hundred thousand men into Spain to control her domestic politics, England thought it necessary to counteract the movement by recognising the independence of the Spanish provinces in America. In the remarkable language of the distinguished minister of that day, in order to redress the balance of power in Europe, he called into existence a new world in the West, somewhat overrating, perhaps, the extent of the derangement in the whole world, and not doing full justice to the position of the United States in America, or their influence on the fortunes of their sister republics on this continent. Thus, in sixty years from the close of the last remains of her once imperial possessions on this continent, the United States meantime were, by the acts of peace and the healthful progress of things, rapidly enlarging their dominions and consolidating their power. The great march of events still went on—some of the new republics, from the effect of a mixture of races, or their want of training in liberal institutions, showed themselves incapable of self-government.

The province of Texas revolted from Mexico by the same right that Mexico revolted from Spain. At the memorable battle of San Jacinto, in 1836, she passed the great ordeal of nascent States, and her independence was recognised by this government, by France, by England, and other European powers. Mainly peopled from the United States, she sought, naturally, to be incorporated into the Union. The offer was repeatedly rejected by Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, to avoid a collision with Mexico. At last the annexation took place as a domestic question. It is no fit subject for comment in a communication to a foreign minister. As a question of public law, there never was an extension of territory more naturally or more justifiably made. It produced a disturbed relation with the government of Mexico. War ensued, and in its results other extensive territories were, for a large pecuniary consideration, on the part of the United States, added to the Union. Without adverting to the divisions of opinion which arose in reference to this war—as must always happen in free countries in reference to great measures—no person surveying these events with an eye of comprehensive statesmanship, can fail to trace in the main result the undoubted operation of the law of our political existence. The consequences are before the world. Vast provinces, which had languished for three centuries under the leaden sway of a stationary system, are coming under the influences of an active civilization. Freedom of speech and the press, the trial by jury, religious equality, and representative government, have been carried by the constitution of the United States into extensive regions, in which they were unknown before. By the settlement of California, the great circuit of intelligence round the globe is completed. The discovery of the gold of that region, leading, as it did, to the same discovery in Australia, has touched the nerves of industry throughout the world. Every addition to the territory of the American Union, has given homes to European want, from every part of the United Kingdom, from France, from Switzerland and Germany, and from the extremest north of Europe, the march of emigration has been taken up such as the world has never seen before.

The United States have grown to their present extent in the manner described. Little less than half a million of the population of the Old World is annually pouring in, to be immediately incorporated into an industrious and prosperous community, in the bosom of which they find political religious liberty, social position, employment, and bread. It is a fact which would defy belief, were it not the result of official inquiry, that the emigrants to the United States from Ireland alone, besides having subsisted themselves, have sent back to their kindred, for the last three years, nearly five millions of dollars annually, thus doubling in three years the purchase money of Louisiana.

Such is the territorial development of the United States in the past century. Is it possible that Europe can contemplate it with an unfriendly or jealous eye? What would have been her condition, in these trying years, but for the outlet we have furnished for her starving millions? Spain, in the meantime, has retained, of her extensive dominions on this hemisphere, but the two islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. Respectful sympathy with the fortunes of an ancient ally and gallant people, with whom the United States have ever maintained the most friendly relations, would, if no other reason existed, make it our duty to leave her in the undisturbed possession of this little remnant of her mighty transatlantic empire.

The President desires to do so. No word or deed of his will ever question her title or shake her possession: but can it be expected to last very long? Can it resist that mighty current in the fortunes of the world? Is it desirable that it should do so? Can it be for the interest of Spain to cling to a possession that can only be maintained by a garrison of 25,000 or 30,000 troops, a powerful naval force, and an annual expenditure, for both arms of the service, of at least $12,000,000? Cuba at this moment costs more to Spain than the entire naval and military establishment of the United States costs the federal government.

So far from being really injured by the loss of this island, there is no doubt that were it peacefully transferred to the United States, a prosperous commerce between Cuba and Spain, resulting from ancient associations and common language and tastes, would be far more productive than the best contrived system of colonial taxation. Such, notoriously, has been the result to Great Britain, of the establishment of the independence of the United States. The decline of Spain from the position which she held in the time of Charles the Fifth, is coeval with the foundation of her colonial system, while within twenty-five years, and since the loss of her colonies, she has entered upon a course of rapid improvement, unknown since the abdication of that Emperor.

I will but allude to an evil of the first magnitude. I allude to the African Slave Trade, in the suppression of which France takes a lively interest, an evil which still forms a great reproach upon the civilization of Christendom, and perpetuates the barbarism of Africa, but for which, it is to be feared, there is no hope of a complete remedy, while Cuba remains a Spanish colony. But, whatever may be thought of these last suggestions, it would be impossible for any one who reflects upon the events glanced at in this note, to mistake the laws of American growth and progress, or think it can be ultimately arrested by a convention like that proposed.

In the judgment of the President, it would be as easy to throw a dam from Cape Florida to Cuba, in the hope of stopping the flow of the Gulf stream, as to attempt by a compact like this to fix the fortunes of Cuba now and for hereafter—or, as expressed in the French text of the convention, for the present as for the future—"*pour les present cournil pour la veni*"—that is, for all coming time. The history of the past—of the recent past—affords no assurance that twenty years hence France or England will even wish that Spain should retain Cuba. And a century hence—judging of what will be from what has been—the pages which record this proposition will, like the record of the family compact between France and Spain, have no interest but for the antiquary. Even now the President cannot doubt that both France and England would prefer any change in the condition of Cuba to that which is most to be apprehended, viz., an internal convulsion which should renew the horrors and the fate of St. Domingo. I will intimate a final objection to the proposed convention.

M. de Turgot and Lord Malmsbury put forward as the reason for entering into such a compact, the attacks which have lately been made on the island of Cuba by lawless bands of adventurers from the United States, with the avowed design of taking possession of that island. The President is convinced that the conclusion of such a treaty, instead of putting a stop to these lawless proceedings, would give a new and powerful impulse to them, and would strike a death blow to the conservative policy hitherto pursued in this country towards Cuba. No administration of this government, however strong in the public confidence in other respects, could stand a day, under the odium of having stipulated with the great powers of Europe, that, in no future time, under no change of circumstances, by no amicable arrangement with Spain, by no act of lawful war (should that calamity unfortunately occur), by no consent of the inhabitants of the island, should they, like the possessions of Spain on the American continent, succeed in rendering themselves independent—in fine, by no over-ruling necessity of self-preservation—should the United States ever make the acquisition of Cuba.

For these reasons, which the President has thought advisable, considering the importance of the subject, to direct me to unfold at some length, he feels constrained to decline, respectfully, the invitation of France and England, to become parties to the proposed convention. He is persuaded that these friendly powers will not attribute this refusal to any insensibility on his part to the advantages of the utmost harmony between the great maritime States on a subject of so much importance. As little will Spain draw any unfavourable inference from this refusal—the rather, as the emphatic disclaimer of any designs against Cuba on the part of this government contained in the present note—affords all the assurance which the President can constitutionally or to any useful purpose, give, of a practical concurrence with France and England, in the wish not to disturb the possession of that island by Spain.

I avail myself, sir, of this opportunity to assure you of my distinguished consideration,

(Signed) EDWARD EVERETT.

WE learn from *The Southern Recorder*, that a man calling himself by the name of George W. Jones, of Columbia County, professing to be a negro-trader, was arrested by William Searcy and Thomas Jenkins, near Monticello, Jasper County, on Friday night last, with nine stolen negroes in his possession, and four others claimed by himself. One of the latter escaped at the time of the arrest. Jones has been lodged in the County Jail, and the seven negroes are yet unclaimed. Five of the negroes—three men and two women—say they belong to Pierce Bailey, of Warren, living near Double Wells. Another to Mr. Morrison, of Harris County.

Marriages.

EDWARDS—GARRETT.—At the house of N. W. Palmer, in San Francisco, on the 20th November, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of the Mayor, James Edwards, M. D., of Auburn, Cal., to Anna M., daughter of Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del.

GRISWOLD—MCCRILLIS.—At Bangor, Me., on the 25th ult., Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, D. D., of New York, to Miss Harriet S. McCrillis, of Bangor.

Deaths.

HICKS.—In this city, on Jan. 9, Elias Hicks, in the 38th year of his age.

MORGAN.—At Washington, on the 5th instant, Commodore Charles W. Morgan, U. S. N.

HAMBLIN.—In this city, on Saturday, the 8th instant, Thomas S. Hamblin, the well-known tragedian.

WHITE.—At Boston, Jan. 4, Ferdinand E. White, aged 55, a well-known merchant.

Receipts for the Standard.

From December 1st, 1852, to January 1st, 1853.

678	J. A. Pierce, Watertown, N. Y.	$1 00
704	Mary Strickland, Sterlingville, N. Y.	2 00
705	Cornelius Wellington, Boston, Mass.	2 00
650	E. Jackson, " "	4 00
650	Wm. Jenkins, Andover, "	7 00
654	O. Tracy, Mapleville, R. I.	1 00
714	Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.	4 00
663	A. Blue, Postville, N. Y.	2 00
703	Peter Brown, Liverpool, Eng.	2 00
676	R. Reynolds, Harrison, N. Y.	2 00
599	L. Bache, Wellsboro', Pa.	3 00
676	A. C. Macy, Hudson, N. Y.	2 00
681	V. R. Leonard, West Martinsburg, N. Y.	1 00
651	Benj. Tallman, Portsmouth, R. I.	3 00
580	John Beal, Scituate, Mass.	5 00
723	George Miller, Trenton, Iowa,	5 00
708	Catherine H. Spear, Plymouth, Mass.	2 00
641	A. Griswold, Brockett's Bridge, N. Y.	1 25
665	James Brown, New York City,	50
667	Daniel Clapp, Gardner, Mass.	2 00
697	Edwin Wilbur, Little Compton, R. I.	2 00
650	A. Sanger, Danvers, Mass.	3 00
		$56 75

DONATIONS.

Joseph Carpenter, Mamaroneck, N. Y.	$5 00

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts,	56 75
Donations,	5 00
Total,	$61 75

Annual Meeting.

THE Second Annual Meeting of the OLD SARATOGA DISTRICT ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Union Village, Washington Co., N. Y., February 9th and 10th, 1853. Frederick Douglass and other speakers are expected to attend.

Meeting to commence on Wednesday (Feb. 9th), at 10 A. M., and continue its sessions through the following day, including both evenings. SAMUEL WILBUR, *Secretary.*

NORTH EASTON, N. Y. Jan. 6th, 1852.

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SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE—MUSIC AND THE FINE ARTS.

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"Its merits are such as will ere long command for it a wide and patronizing appreciation. We congratulate the reading public on its appearance."—*Merchants' Ledger.*

"We welcome its advent with pleasurable hopes, trusting that its publication is to herald a new and important era in the history of American literature. We hope that Americans will be so far true to themselves as to extend to this undertaking the favour it needs at their hands."—*Boston Atlas.*

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☞ *This work is* NOT *the old "Book of the Farm," lately* RESUSCITATED *and thrown upon the market.*

Miscellaneous Department.

HENRIETTA, THE BRIDE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

During the hottest weather of a summer long gone by, the dress-makers of London were in a pitiable state of worry and exhaustion. The Queen, wife of Charles II., had introduced a sort of Bloomer costume which fixed all eyes; and, of course, all female hearts were set on having a suit like the Queen's. Her Majety had appeared in the Park with a white-laced waistcoast or jacket, and a crimson short petticoat, and a little hat with a feather. After this, there was no rest for the dress-makers till every lady had her short petticoat and jacket. The gentlemen professed themselves scandalized, not at the petticoat, but at the ladies buttoning their jackets up to the throat, as men button their coats in cold weather. We hear something also of periwigs under the hats; but this, which seems to us the only objectionable part of the dress (and it was a part not worn by the Queen) seems to have passed without challenge in those days of frizzled pates. Amidst the pressure on the dress-makers, the brides claimed to be the first served; and the claim was allowed; for it was clearly impossible for young ladies to be married till their wardrobes were prepared for the newest fashion: but it became more and more difficult to supply even the brides; for the apprentices, and the dress-makers themselves were dying very fast, some said, with heat and fatigue, others said with something worse. The fact was, the Plaugue was in London, and spreading fast, though nobody in the fashionable world chose to own it. The physicians, seeing what would please, and believing alarm to be dangerous, denied the fact in genteel houses, though they swallowed a lump of spicy electuary when they rose in the morning, and went their rounds with lozenges in their mouths, and kept a flask of Canary wine handy, to fortify themselves when exhausted. They let the world know of these precautions afterwards; but at the time, they seemed to deride all apprehensions, and helped to cry "Peace! peace!" when there was no peace.

Miss Henrietta Holmes was one of the intended brides of that summer, and for her were many needles plied, till one apprentice after another dropped from her stool, or failed to come to work in the morning. The gay girl knew nothing of this; for her lover kept from her knowledge all he could of the spread of the plague; and her parents kept it from themselves. They were very happy; and they did not like to think of any disturbance. Charles Osborn, her lover, had scarcely any fear. He and his beloved were as healthful as people could well be; and everybody thought they carried long life in their faces. Unless by some accident from an over-adventurous spirit, they seemed as secure as youth, strength, energy, and gay hearts could make them.

The wedding-day arrived. There was a great dinner at two o'clock. All the relations who were in London were present; and the clergyman, and the family physician, and some intimate friends besides. Henrietta was, that day, a sight to make the most melancholy person cheerful. Her round, rosy face and dimpled chin gave her the air of being younger than she was; and she looked too childlike to be a bride. She was rallied and toasted rather too much as a child, Charles thought, by some of her father's friends; but they had dandled her as a babe, and had forgotten the lapse of years. Just before her mother and the other ladies left the table, Charles observed that Henrietta looked uncomfortable for a moment, and shivered slightly, as it from cold. He ordered the door which led down to the garden to be closed; and observed that a draught of air was more to be avoided on hot days when it was pleasantest, than on occasions when nobody liked it. Henrietta thanked him with a smile, and presently withdrew, followed by mother and aunts, all eager to dress her for the ceremony of the evening.

It was her mother who put the finishing hand to her dress by fastening the embroidered jacket, and arranging the lace ruff within it. While doing this, the mother became suddenly silent, turned the girl round to face the light, unfastened a jewelled button or two, and then, in a constrained voice, asked her daughter how she thought she would go through the ceremony, whether she felt strong and at ease.

"O yes," replied Henrietta, "I shall get through very well. Why not?"

"If you feel in the least anxious, or faint, or weak, my dear, let me know, and you shall have a cordial which will strengthen your heart."

"Talk of cordials," said an aunt, "to a girl with a cheek like this!" patting it fondly. "She is fresh as a rose. She wants no cordials."

But Henrietta did not say so.

"Better give her a little cordial," said another aunt. "A girl may need it on such a day as this who never did before, and never may again. Besides, I saw her shiver before we left the table."

"Henrietta," said her mother, nervously fastening the buttons again, "are you well? Tell me."

"Yes, mother; that is, very nearly indeed. Only just a little sick."

"Very natural, I am sure," said everybody.

"We will ask Dr. Hodges about the cordial;" and the mother was going to call him, when Henrietta stopped her, laughing. She would not have a word to say to any doctor, as a doctor. She was well now, quite well; the little qualm had passed, was altogether gone.

Dr. Hodges came, however. He was told that Henrietta felt slightly unwell. In spite of himself, he looked grave, till he had felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and so forth. Then, with a really cheerful face—for he loved the girl as if she had been his daughter—he told her it was only a little nervousness, natural enough on such a day. She had not lost her appetite, he had observed at dinner; her pulse was steady, her complexion was natural, her breathing easy, and she had no pain: he would venture to call her perfectly well; and in this, she laughingly agreed. Once more, her mother turned her towards the light, unfastened her dress, put aside the lace ruff, and watched the physicians countenance. He knew it; and he commanded his countenance well. The specks he saw were minute and few; but their character was not to be mistaken.

He wished himself a hundred miles off. He would fain have had those little marks on his own breast rather than go through what he saw must happen that night. But he would not leave the scene. He was called away to a case more advanced than hers; but he hastened back, in time to witness the ceremory. He saw her married; and his composure no doubt removed the fears of the mother; for all was done cheerfully, merrily; and, when the guests sat down to the evening banquet, no one but himself seemed to see that Death was of the company. As soon as the table was cleared, however, the ladies withdrew; for the bride could not conceal that she was oppressed with headache. After that, all was gloom and terror. When the poor girl's frantic cries were heard from up stairs, the one low groan from the bridegroom sent everybody away. The young husband could not stay beside his bride; for she did not know him. While he cooled her head, she cried out for him, with so agonized a cry that he could not bear it. From the door he actually heard the palpitations of her heart. By midnight, mortification had set in on that fair breast where the small purple specks had caught her mother's eye. The first passengers in the early morning saw the house shut up, and the red cross on the door; and no one was within but the old woman who made her harvest of tending the dead. She called from the window; the dead-cart came. The old woman made a plentiful morning meal of the remains of the wedding feast; made a bundle of the rich dress of the bride, holding that lace ruff to the light with admiration, before she folded it up for her bundle, locked the door after her as she went out, and left the abode where there had been so much mirth yesterday, and where nothing was now heard but the rustle of the mice, which came boldly forth to revel in the fragments of the good cheer.

The incidents of those days are immortalized by their being erected into a type of horrible and inevitable fate; and above all other incidents, that of the little purple stain on the breast. We read and talk of the Plague-spot so familiarly that we have almost lost sight of what it means. It would be well to reconsider it, and dwell upon it. If there is such a thing, for instance, as a State with an established vice in it; if we know of such a thing as a Democratic Republic with a deep-seated Tyranny in the midst of it, and call that tyranny a plague-spot, we had better ponder what that phrase truly means, and what it certainly forbodes. It is idle to take our eyes from it because the thoughtless exult in the vigorous youth of that State, in its bloom of promise, in the opening before it of a new and blessed career. If the plague-spot is there, the bloom and the promise will vanish like the dew and the delicate beauty of the desert-flower when the simoom is on the way. Decay and putresence are at hand.

And is there no escape? There have been instances of recovery from the plague; one case among ten thousand. But in that one case, the stain has been at once recognized as a plague-spot, and instant and vigorous treatment has followed. Wherever the sufferer has concealed and denied the token, wherever he has rushed forth into the street, declaring himself well, shouting forth his confidence, and mocking the pity and horror of the world that looked on; in every such case, perdition has overtaken him, and his self-will has been his ironical epitaph, engraven on the memories of all survivors.

Ambleside, July 8, 1852.

—*The Liberty Bell for* 1853.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR—HIS CHARACTER, INTENTIONS AND NECESSITIES.

Now that Louis Napoleon is fairly seated on the throne to which he has aspired through so many years of disappointment, exile, imprisonment and intrigue, it becomes a matter of the deepest interest and the most vital moment to English statesmen and English citizens thoroughly to understand the character, wishes and intentions of the man who thus wields without control the enormous military power of their nearest neighbour—to penetrate, as far as possible, the designs which he may entertain, the ulterior career which he proposes to himself, and those necessities of his position which may drive him to courses which of his own free will he never would have adopted. These are difficult problems for solution; on this subject, as on most others, accurate knowledge is not easy of attainment in France; "Truth," as Barrow says, "cannot be discerned amid the smoke of wrathful expressions;" and the passions of those nearest to the scene of action, and, therefore, most favourably placed for observation, are still so violent and angry that their statements and opinions are rather misleading than informing. Nevertheless, having had opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of most parties in France respecting the new Emperor, and having, it is fair to state, conversed with five of his enemies for one of his friends, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers what in our judgment is the real state of the case.

In the first place, it is quite certain, and is now beginning to be admitted even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France and elevating him to the Presidency under the impression that one so silly and *borne* would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands soon found they reckoned without their host. His *mind*, it is true, *is* neither capacious, powerful, nor well stored, but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when the intellect is concentrated upon a single object and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England. He has devoted his mind to that one object. He is, too, a deep thinker. He *ponders* much, which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and speaks well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social conditions of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable crotchets which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected The minutest details of the *coup d'etat* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and Theirs down to Faucher, who have endeavoured to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech he observed to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who sat next him; "Now, I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abd-el-Kader at Amboise, General St. Arnaud expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new Emperor must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon it we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation *only*. The prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular, *romanesque* imagination—which often overrides all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the *acme* of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'etat* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Bonapartists and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile, and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failures in no degree discouraged him or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time;" the time came: he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having discomfitted, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France—we may well believe that his faith in his "destiny" is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him, after a Past so eventful, marvellous and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition, he dissimulates or postpones; he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favourable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him and who have lived intimately with him; that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and his means; and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy; we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as *certain and reliable* regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country especially—to study closely and to watch unresistingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation—what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve?

One feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day the nature of the Government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that if he treads in his footsteps he may aspire to emulate his glory. (We do not, however, extend this remark to Napoleon's warlike conduct and achievements). This is a sentiment eminently misleading, and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and to a great extent the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by 35 years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and expedient *then*, may be utterly inapplicable *now*. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I, may be the *ignis fatuus* which will lure astray Napoleon III. to discomfiture and ruin.

There are three sources from which a man's intentions and probable course of action may be inferred—his language, his obvious interests, and his known character. Let us see what light these means of judgment throw upon the projects and views of Napoleon III. especially with regard to the all-important question of war and peace; and if war, with what nation and what ultimate design.

The words of Louis Napoleon—that is his public announcements and professions—unhappily can never be relied on as indicative of his intentions; but if regarded at all, must be interpreted by the rule of contraries. He has surpassed even the usual limits of princely perfidy. By repeated and most flagrant perjuries he has forfeited all reasonable hope of being believed, even when he speaks with sincerity and truth. Hence, when he proclaimed, "*l'Empire c'est la Paix!*" we are reluctantly compelled to put the announcement aside as conveying no meaning, and giving no clue to his real views and purposes. Other words, however, spoken and written at earlier times, and when there existed no direct or immediate motives for deception, may afford us the indications we desire of his habitual ideas, and his fixed, permanent, and long matured designs. Now, we know that long ago, at Ham and before, he repeatedly declared his belief that he was destined to restore the Empire and to recover the old boundaries of France. We know that before the Chamber of Peers he said that "he represented a principle, a cause, and a defeat—the principle, the sovereignty of the people as opposed to Legitimacy; the cause, the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo." We know that very recently he held up as Napoleon's strongest title to the gratitude of Frenchmen that he abdicated rather than consent to her dismemberment—*i.e.*, her confinement to her former limits. We believe, too—(we cannot say we know, because our information is at one remove from first authority)—that he has more than once avowed to his intimates his determination to have a page of history to himself, and his idea of realizing his ambitious dream by an achievement, which no one since William, Duke of Normandy, has attempted. So much for his language.

His immediate and obvious interests all lie on the side of peace. With the great mass of the French people of all classes, any war would now be most unpopular. They want rest; they want prosperity; they want time to devote to the restoration of their shattered fortunes and the advancements of industry and wealth. They dread the increased taxation which war would inevitably bring. The more reflective among them—and in this class might be mentioned some of the first military men in the nation—deprecate a war, because they believe it would be a war of aggression; therefore, probably, a war against combined Europe; therefore in the end an unsuccessful one, and likely to be visited with heavy retaliation and certain dismemberment. The *ouvriers* know that war would put a stop to much of the public and private expenditure which now causes their prosperity. The commercial classes hate war instinctively as well as rationally. The railroads, and the constant intercourse they have encouraged, and the extensive intermarriages, connections, and interlacing of interests which this intercourse has brought about, all cry out loudly and powerfully for peace, especially for peace with England. The turbulent and unprincipled journalists, who used to be the great clamourers for war, and the mischief makers who strove to fan every trifling misunderstanding into a bloody quarrel, are now effectually silenced. The Emperor is well aware of all this; the enthusiastic reception of his pacific speech at Bordeaux must have confirmed his previous knowledge of the pacific desires of the people; and we have had ample opportunities of ascertaining that his own friends and supporters, of all ranks and civilians, deprecate war in the most earnest manner. Louis Napoleon is, we believe, sincerely desirous to promote the interests of France, and perfectly aware that a war would be most inimical to those interests. He also perceives clearly how dangerous and impolitic it would be for himself and his position; and he has more than once repeated the argument we put forth more than a year ago when urging upon him a pacific policy—viz., that war would be a suicidal folly in a civilian like himself; for that an unsuccessful war would destroy him, and that the fruits of a successful one would be reaped by the General who led it. If, therefore, Louis Napoleon is guided by his own interests, or by his own clear perception of those interests, he will not voluntarily and deliberately engage in war.

But is his character such as to satisfy us that his policy and conduct will be guided by a regard to his own interests, or his own view of them? Assuredly not. This can be safely predicated of few men—least of all of him. Men are governed by their passions and their imagination quite as often as by their interests; and we must remember what we have already shown to be the nature and idiosyncrasy of the man. He is not only a shrewd, selfish, and sagacious calculator; he is equally and preëminently a fanatic, a dreamer, and a fatalist—of a wild and *gigantesque* fancy—pertinacious and inflexible in his ideas, to the very brink of monomania—secret and impenetrable in his designs—and, above all, utterly demoralized by his almost miraculous success. He never abandons an idea or a project; he recoils from no rashness; he believes no impossibility. Why should he? After the marvelous past, why should he doubt the future? He succeeded in the *coup d'etat*—why should he fail in a *coup de main exterieur?* Four years ago he was a pauper, an exile, a supposed imbecile, whom everybody laughed at; he is now Emperor of France by twice as many suffrages as his uncle ever obtained. What, after this, need he despair of doing? He believed himself destined to restore the Empire; he has restored it. He believes himself destined to recover the imperial boundary line, and to wipe out the memory of Waterloo. Is he likely to shrink from the adventure? It is said that he admires England and her institutions, and that he is grateful for the kindness and protection he met with while among us. Both we believe to be true, but when did considerations of this sort ever restrain a politician who believes in "his star"?

But we must take into account not only Louis Napoleon's imagination, but his passions. Now it is notorious that his anger is vehemently excited against both England and Belgium, and for the same reasons. Both countries harbour his personal enemies and the refugees from his tyranny; and the Press in both countries has been unmeasured and unceasing in its abuse of him. Both countries he believes to be centres of perpetual plots against his Government; and if he supposed that he could seize the conspirators by a sudden inroad, like that by which his uncle obtained possession of the Duke d'Enghien, we greatly question whether any motive of decency or prudence could restrain him from making the attempt. In the case of Belgium, too, his irritation is shared by a great number of persons in France; and with the French nation the strongest motive for an attack on Belgium would not be the territorial aggrandizement, but the hunting out of what they regard as a nest of calumniators and conspirators.

Now let us cast a hasty glance at those peculiarities of Louis Napoleon's *position*, which may leave him no free choice as to the line of action he shall adopt, but may compel him to be guided neither by his judgment, his imagination, nor his passions, but by his necessities. The present prosperity of France is great, and the revenue is improving, but the deficit is large, and the public expenditure on a most extravagant scale. The unfounded debt is more extensive than is at all safe, and it is scarcely likely that a loan could be easily negotiated—at least in the open market of the world. Embarrassed finances, though in one point of view they may make war difficult, may, on the other hand, drive the Emperor into some rash and desperate step to rehabilitate them. A war in an enemy's country can be made to support itself; and a triumphant army abroad, besides the possibility of levying tribute and indemnity it might be hoped, would cost less than an unemployed but fully equipped army at home. This may not be a very wise or sound speculation; but we know that men in pecuniary difficulties are notoriously adventurous and wild, and something must be done soon to bring expenditure and revenue to a balance.

But the real difficulty lies with the army. *Res dura et regni novitas* may compel the Emperor to do what, if left to himself and if omnipotent, he would most desire to avoid. Though it is not true that he relies solely on the army, though his hold over the affections and wishes of the nation is general and strong, yet it is unquestionably to the army in the first instance that he owes his elevation; the army is now the *active* agent in all political movements, and he must content the army if he wishes to retain his power. It is exceedingly numerous, reaching to nearly 400,000 men of all arms. Of these Algiers employs at the outside 80,000, and Rome 20,000. The remainder are either employed as policemen, or not employed at all. Now the members of every profession wish for occupation; no man likes to rust away; and the members of the military profession long, in advance, for prize money and promotion and adventure. Only a very limited number of them can be satisfied and kept quiet with decorations and pecuniary advantages; the others become only the more restless, envious, and ambitious. If we except a few of the older and wiser Generals, the army as a whole desire war. It cannot be otherwise; it is natural; it is notorious. Part of the army is already disaffected, but can only be restored to and retained in its allegiance by the lucrative and tempting prospects which war holds out. If the President reduced the army to such a number as could be fully employed in Algeria, Italy, and at home, he might keep his hold upon it without war, but would make irreconcilable enemies of the disbanded troops; and he dare not and could not afford to make enemies of 100,000 trained, organised, and officered men. If he retains the army at its present, or nearly its present magnitude, he must in order to satisfy it, and to regain and enforce his hold upon its affections or adherence, employ it. He must engage in war, whatever be its dangers at home or abroad. When placed, as he must soon be, between the alternatives of disgusting the people by war, or disgusting the army by peace, he must choose the former, for the army might defend him against the people; the people could never defend him against the army. The people would be passive; the army would be active.

The army is even now notoriously restless and dissatisfied. The Algerine regiments are inclined to the Orleans family; many of those at home are strongly infected with Republican or Socialist opinions. A war, especially a sudden, dashing, and successful war, would at once rally them all to the Imperial *regime*. Louis Napoleon knows all this well. He will not like to be forced or hurried; and war may probably be his last card, but it is one which, sooner or later, he must play. His only security, and ours, would be in a disbanding of 70,000 of the most disaffected troops, and the suspension of *the conscription for the next two years*. If he does not do this, we may look out for the only other resource.

But Louis Napoleon may not only be driven to war as a matter of necessary policy, which if successful would consolidate his throne, and, even if not immediately or brilliantly so, would postpone his dangers, he may be driven to it, if his fortunes become gloomy, and failure and destruction threaten him at home. If he sees his power slipping from under him, he is exactly the man to make a desperate, even an absurdly wild attempt to recover it, by a sudden attack upon England. If such an attempt should be temporarily successful, or even brilliant in its failure, it would give him a new lease of power; if otherwise, it would, as he well knows, dazzle the excitable and jealous fancies of the French, and impart a sort of larid and grandiose lustre to his fall. At all events, if a landing were effected, and a serious amount of injury inflicted (as could scarcely fail to be the case), he would have gratified one passion of his morbid mind, and have gained a gaudy, though a stained and disgraceful "page of history to himself"

To sum up the whole. All the obvious and well understood *interests* of Louis Napoleon dictate to him the preservation of peace and the direction of all his energies to the development of the commerce, internal industry, and general resources of France; and he himself is perfectly, coolly, and avowedly aware of this. But he believes that, sooner or later, his *destiny* is war; he is conscious, also, that the necessities of his position may leave him no choice in the matter; and, finally, desperation may drive him to do what prudence would peremptorily forbid. In what form and direction war may first break out—whether by a direct and sudden foray upon our shores, or by an attack on Belgium, which would irresistibly involve us in her defence—we need not speculate now. Happily our rulers have at last become thoroughly awakened to the necessity of diligent preparation for any contingency, though not till their apathy and negligence had excited the utter amazement of every statesman in Europe, and every thoughtful military man and unbiassed observer at home. The result may be—we trust in good Providence that it will—that timely preparations may avert the danger, and prevent the attempt from being made. In that case we shall of course be abused by the economists and by the thoughtless for our "needless" caution and exertions. But this Ministers and journalists must be prepared to meet and disregard. The man who was deterred by the fear of such senseless invective or such silly ridicule, if a Minister, would deserve to be impeached—if a journalist, would be unworthy of his high vocation, and a traitor to his sacred trust.—*London Economist.*

ADA BYRON (LADY LOVELACE).

Last week was chronicled in our columns the death, in extreme old age, of a lady intimately connected with the prince of English letter-writers—this week we have to record the untimely death of another lady, yet more closely connected with the prince of English poets in his time. Mary Berry, the friend of Lord Orford, died in November 1852, at the age of ninety—and Augusta Ada Byron, the only child of Lord Byron—"sole daughter of his house and heart"—died in the same month and year, at the age of thirty-seven. Walpole and his fair friend both outlived the Scriptural threescore-and-ten; but Byron and his daughter both died at the same age, when little more than half of the Scriptural allotment had been fulfilled. Some presentiment that her life was not to exceed in duration of years the life of her father, is said to have been uppermost in the daughter's mind for some years past; and that presentiment, if it in truth existed, may have contributed to its own accomplishment.

The married life of Lady Byron—or rather the period during which Lord and Lady Byron lived together—was a year and some few days. They were married in January, 1815. On the 10th of December, in the same year, Ada, their only child was born; and, in January, 1816, the husband and wife separated forever. When her mother removed her into Leicestershire, and when her father saw her for the last time, Ada was a month old. The solitary poet's feelings would seem to have clung to his child: and the third book of 'Childe Harold'—written in 1816, immediately after the separation—is dedicated, as it were, to the father's love. The Song begins with Ada:

> Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
> Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
> When last I saw thy young blue eys they smiled,
> And then we parted—not as now we part,
> But with a hope.

And with Ada it ends:

> My daughter! with thy name this song began—
> My daughter! with thy name this much shall end—
> I see thee not—I hear thee not—but none
> Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
> To whom the shadows of far years extend:
> Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
> My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
> And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold—
> A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.
>
> To aid thy mind's development—to watch
> The dawn of little joys—to sit and see
> Almost the very growth—to view thee catch
> Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
> To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
> And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—
> This, it would seem, was not reserved for me;
> Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
> I know not what was there, yet something like to this.

Of this prophecy we know that nearly all was fulfilled. Ada Byron never looked consciously into the face of her father. Whatever wholesome and ennobling joys his wayward "nature" might have found in watching the growth of his young daughter's mind, it was not reserved for the poet ever to know. How far the voice of the illustrious father did blend with the future visions of the orphan girl—how far the echoes of his harp and of his heart did "reach into her heart"—how far the token and the tone from her father's mould had part in her after-musings—the world perhaps has no right to inquire. Still, many will find it pleasant to learn that by her own desire the remains of Ada Byron were to be laid yesterday where they will mingle with her "father's mould"—in Hucknall Church.

At her father's death Ada was little more than eight years old. She had small resemblance to her father. No one, we are told, would have recognised the Byron features—the finely-chiselled chin or the expressive lips or eyes of the poet—in the daughter. Yet, at times, the Byron blood was visible in her look; and those who saw her in 1835 on her marriage with Lord Lovelace (then Lord King) fancied they saw more traces of the poet's countenance in the bride than they remember there at any other time. But dissimilarity of look was not the only dissimilarity between Byron and his daughter. Lady Lovelace cared little about poetry. Like her father's Donna Inez, in 'Don Juan'—

> Her favourite science was the mathematical.

Mr. Babbage is said to have conducted her studies at one time—and Lady Lovelace is known to have translated from Italian into English a very elaborate Defence of the once celebrated Calculating Machine of her mathematical friend.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakspeare and Milton each died without a son—and both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakspeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child—a daughter, a girl of some five or six years at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls, dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilks, the actor—who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government; and having outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children—one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and *Waverly* are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "Færie Queen" lost a child, when very young, by fire—when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons, and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son—of Dryden's sons—of the sons of Burns—of Allan Ramsay's sons—of Dr. Young's son—of Campbell's son—of Moore's son—and of Shelley's son. Ben Johnson survived all his children. Some—and among these the greatest—died unmarried; Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thompson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them.

Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons, and a daughter. Her mother is still alive—to see, perhaps, with a softened spirit, the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks in later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips—whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father. —[*London*] *Athenæum, Dec.* 14.

WILL OF THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER.

In consequence of the wish expressed by our correspondent, S. M. S., in Saturday's *Courier*—a wish in which we need not say the public heartily concur—we have procured a copy of Mr. Webster's last Will and Testament for publication. We think it necessary to add that Mr. Webster's executors, aware how much interest is felt by the community in whatever relates to the life and acts of the great statesman, while they have not been instrumental in procuring the publication of this record, have not expressed opposition to it. We subjoin it entire:

IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD!

I, Daniel Webster, of Marshfield, in the County of Plymouth, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esquire, being now confined to my house with a serious illness; which, considering my time of life, is undoubtedly critical, but being nevertheless in the full possession of all my mental faculties, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament.

I commit my soul into the hands of my Heavenly Father, trusting in his infinite goodness and mercy.

I direct that my mortal remains be buried in the family vault at Marshfield, where monuments are already erected to my deceased children and their mother. Two places are marked for other monuments of exactly the same size and form. One of these, in proper time, is to be for me, and perhaps I may leave an epitaph. The other is for Mrs. Webster. Her ancestors, and all her kindred lie in a far distant city. My hope is, that after many years, she may come to my side, and join me and others whom God hath given me.

I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation, but in a manner respectful to my neighbours, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God.

Concerning my wordly estate, my Will must be anomalous and out of the common form, on account of the state of my affairs. I have two large real estates. By marriage settlement, Mrs. Webster is entitled to a life estate in each, and after her death they belong to my heirs. On the Franklin estate, so far as I know, there is no incumbrance except Mrs. Webster's life estate. On Marshfield, Mr. Samuel Frothingham has an unpaid balance of a mortgage, now amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars. My great and leading wish is, to preserve Marshfield, if I can, in the blood and name of my own family. To this end, it must go in the first place to my son, Fletcher Webster, who is hereafter to be the immediate prop of my house, and the general representative of my name and character. I have the fullest confidence in his affection and good sense, and that he will heartily concur in any thing that appears to be for the best.

I do not see under present circumstances of him and his family, how I can now make a definite provision for the future beyond his life. I propose, therefore, to put the property into the hands of Trustees, to be disposed of by them as exigencies may require.

My affectionate wife, who has been to me a source of so much happiness, must be tenderly provided for. Care must be taken that she has some reasonable income. I make this Will upon the faith of what has been said to me by friends, of means which will be found to carry out my reasonable wishes. It is best that Mrs. Webster's life interest in the two estates be purchased out. It must be seen what can be done with friends at Boston, and especially with the contributors to my life annuity. My son-in-law, Mr. Appleton, has most generously requested me to pay little regard to his interests or to those of his children; but I must do something and enough to manifest my warm love and attachment to him and them. The property best to be spared for the purpose of buying out Mrs. Webster's life interest under the marriage settlement in Franklin, which is very valuable property, and which may be sold under prudent management, or mortgaged for a considerable sum.

I have also a quantity of valuable land in Illinois, at Peru, which ought to be immediately seen after. Mr. Edward Curtis, and Mr. Blatchford, and Mr. Franklin Haven know all about my large debts, and they have undertaken to see at once whether those can be provided for, so that these purposes may probably be carried into effect.

With these explanations, I now make the following provisions—namely:

Item. I appoint my wife Caroline Le Roy Webster, my son Fletcher Webster, and R. M. Blatchford, Esquire, of New York, to be the executors of this will. I wish my said executors, and also the trustees hereinafter named, in all things relating to finance and pecuniary matters, to consult with my valued friend, Franklin Haven; and in all things respecting Marshfield, with Charles Henry Thomas, always an intimate friend, and one whom I love for his own sake and that of his family; and in all things respecting Franklin, with that true man, John Taylor; and I wish them to consult in all matters of law, with my brethren and highly esteemed friends, Charles P. Curtis and George T. Curtis.

Item. I give and devise to James W. Paige and Franklin Haven, of Boston, and Edward Curtis, of New York, all my real estate in the towns of Marshfield in the State of Massachusetts, and Franklin, in the State of New Hampshire, being the two estates above mentioned, to have and to hold the same to them and their heirs and assigns, forever, upon the following Trusts—namely:

First. To mortgage, sell or lease so much thereof as may be necessary to pay to my wife, Caroline Le Roy Webster, the estimated value of her life interest, heretofore secured to her thereon by marriage settlement, as is above recited, if she shall elect to receive that valuation in place of the security with which those estates now stand charged.

Secondly. To pay to my said wife, from the rents and profits and income of the said two estates, the further sum of five hundred dollars per annum during her natural life.

Thirdly. To hold, manage and carry on the said two estates, or so much thereof as may not be sold for the purposes aforesaid, for the use of my son, Fletcher Webster, during his natural life, and after his decease to convey the same, in fee, to such of his male descendants as a majority of the said trustees may elect, they acting therein with my son's concurrence, if circumstances admit of his expressing his wishes, otherwise acting upon their own discretion; it being my desire that his son Ashburton Webster take one, and his son Daniel Webster, Jr., the other of the said estates.

Item. I direct that my wife, Caroline Le Roy Webster have, and I hereby give to her, the right, during her life, to reside in my mansion house at Marshfield, when she wishes to do so, with my son, in case he may reside there, or in his absence; and this I do, not doubting my son's affection for her or for me, but because it is due to her that she should receive this right from her husband.

Item. I give and bequeath to the said James W. Paige, Franklin Haven and Edward Curtis all the books, plate, pictures, statuary and furniture, and other personal property now in my mansion house at Marshfield, except such articles as are hereinafter otherwise disposed of, in trust, to preserve the same in the mansion house for the use of my son Fletcher Webster, during his life, and after his decease to make over and deliver the same to the person who will then become "the owner of the estate of Marshfield;" it being my desire and intention that they remain attached to the house while it is occupied by any of my name and blood.

Item. I give and bequeath to my said wife all my furniture which she brought with her on her marriage, and the silver plate purchased of Mr. Rush, for her own use.

Item. I give, devise and bequeath to my said Executors all my other real and personal estate, except such as is hereinafter described and otherwise disposed of, to be applied to the execution of the general purpose of this Will, and to be sold and disposed of, or held, and used at Marshfield, as they and the said Trustees may find to be expedient.

Item. I give and bequeath to my son Fletcher Webster all my Law Books, wherever situated, for his own use.

Item. I give and bequeath to my son-in-law Samuel A. Appleton my California watch and chain for his own use.

Item. I give and bequeath to my granddaughter Caroline Le Roy Appleton, the portrait of myself by Healey, which now hangs in the south-east parlour at Marshfield, for her own use.

Item. I give and bequeath to my grandson Samuel A. Appleton, my gold snuff box with the head of General Washington, all my fishing tackle and my Selden and Wilmot guns, for his own use.

Item. I give and bequeath to my grandson Daniel Webster Appleton my Washington medals, for his own use.

Item. I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Julia Webster Appleton, the clock presented to her grandmother by the late Hon. George Blake.

Item. I appoint Edward Everett, George Ticknor, Cornelius Conway Felton, and George Ticknor Curtis, to be my literary Executors; and I direct my son Fletcher Webster to seal up all my letters, manuscripts and papers, and at a proper time to select those relating to my personal history, and my professional and public life, which in his judgment should be placed at their disposal, and to transfer the same to them, to be used by them in such manner as they may think fit. They may receive valuable aid from my friend George J. Abbott, Esq., now of the State Department.

Item. My servant William Johnson is a free man. I bought his freedom not long ago for six hundred dollars. No demand is to be made upon him for any portion of this sum, but so long as is agreeable I hope he will remain with the family.

Item. Morricha McCarty, Sarah Smith, and Ann Bean, coloured persons, now also and for a long time in my service, are all free. They are very well deserving, and whoever comes after me must be kind to them.

Item. I request that my said executors and trustees be not required to give bonds for the performance of their respective duties under this will.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at Marshfield, and have published and declared this to be my last Will and Testament, on the twenty-first day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

[Signed] Daniel Webster. [Seal.]

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, by the said Testator, as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have set our names hereto as subscribing witnesses, the word "our" being erased in the third line from the bottom of the fifth page before signing.

[Signed] George J. Abbott,
John Jeffries,
Charles H. Thomas.

—*Boston Courier, Jan.* 5*th.*

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

The London *Leader* (of Dec. 11th) has these comments on No. X. of *Bleak House*, and takes an argument out of the mouths of our Temperance friends:

"There has been not a little outcry raised against the concluding incident of the last number of *Bleak House;* the death of Krook by Spontaneous Combustion is certainly not an agreeable incident, but it has a graver fault than that of 'shocking' people with 'sensitive nerves;' it is a fault in Art, and a fault in Literature, overstepping the limits of Fiction, and giving currency to a vulgar error. We must be permitted a passing remark on both these faults

"It is allowable to introduce the Supernatural in Art, but not the improbable: the reason is, that in the one case, Imagination and our mysterious sympathy with the Unknown are appealed to, without pretence of claiming more than imaginative credence; in the other case, the Understanding is called upon to ratify as a truth what it rejects as falsehood. When Shakspeare introduces the Supernatural, it is enough for us that in those remote ages people believed in the existence of Ghosts and Faries; but when Balzac and Dumas introduce Clairvoyance as a part of their machinery, and make the events depend thereon, doing so as if Clairvoyance were an undoubted element in our human life, then the rebellious Understanding rejects as impertinent what it recognises as false. Dickens, therefore, in employing Spontaneous Combustion as a part of his machinery, has committed this fault of raising the incredulity of his readers; because even supposing Clairvoyance and Spontaneous Combustion to be scientific truths, and not the errors of imperfect science, still the simple fact that they belong to the extremely questionable opinions held by a very small minority, is enough to render their introduction into Fiction a mistake. They are questions to be argued, not to be treated as ascertained truths

"In the second place, we assure Mr. Dickens that Spontaneous Combustion is not only a scientific error, which we doubt if he can find one organic chemist of any authority to countenance now, but is absolutely *impossible*, according to all known laws of combustion, and to the constitution of the human body. As a novelist he is not to be called to the bar of Science; he has doubtless picked up the idea among the curiosities of his reading from some credulous adherent to the old hypothesis, and has accepted it as not improbable. This is not the place to enter minutely into such a question, but we will endeavour to state a few fundamental objections in language sufficiently popular for general comprehension.

"The hypothesis is, that ardent drinkers so steep the tissues of their bodies in alcohol, or induce so morbid a constitution, that a highly combustible gas is formed within their bodies, which either spontaneously, or by the accidental approach of a flame, kindles, and burns away the whole body, as a candle burns away when once lighted

"Now, if you consider this simple fact, that in the human body *three-fourths of it are water*, and that even gunpowder will not ignite if damp, you will understand one reason why the body is not easily combustible. You may char it as you may char damp wood, but you cannot produce flame from it as long as it retains its fluids.

"Suppose the body soaked in alcohol, and the alcohol to remain in the tissues *as* alcohol, even that will not make the tissues burn. This Christmas you will, at snapdragon, see the proof: the raisins will be soaked in alcohol, the alcohol will burn, but *not* the raisins.

"It has been said, indeed, that in certain morbid conditions of the tissues, there is a gas formed which will ignite on contact with the air; this gas, phosphuretted hydrogen, is unfortunately a gas that never has been detected in any living tissue, that *could not* exist there, and even if it could, would only consume itself, and not the incombustible moist tissues; for to burn the body you must first *dry* it, and when you have dried it, it is no longer a living body. With moistened fingers we snuff candles unhurt; with moistened hands Boutigny tossed about molten iron as if it had been snow. Unless, therefore, it is maintained that the effect of continued drinking is altogether to change the conditions of vitality, to remove the liquids from the body, and substitute alcohol in their place, Spontaneous Combustion is an impossibility; the body will not burn except by the continued application of intense heat furnished externally; and cannot be made to *flame*.

"In one sense, Spontaneous Combustion is the incessant act of Life itself; the tissues are called into activity through constant oxidation; and Man is truly said to be ashes. But Spontaneous Combustion, as the denouement of the drama with blue fire from the side scenes, is only admissible as a metaphor.

"Captain Marryat, it may be remembered, employed the same equivocal incident in *Jacob Faithful*. One phrase deserves immortality for its cynicism; it ran somewhat thus: "There was a puff of smoke up the chimney, and that was all I saw of my mother.'"

How to do Good.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any thing." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; a single one at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence, we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things and little acts, one after another—speaking a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example all the time; we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish any thing. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.

Self-interest.—He who makes an idol of his interest, will often make a martyr of his integrity.